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DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN

By

DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

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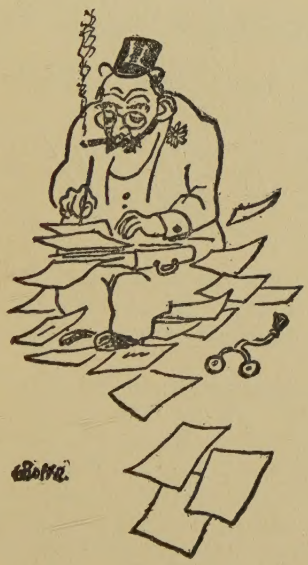

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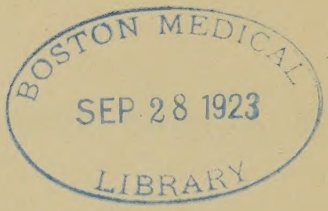

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Diary of a Physician

CHAPTER I

"MY FIRST PATIENT"

LEARNING how to wait is the initiatory experience in the career of every physician. During my apprenticeship to patience as a novitiate in medicine, time passed slowly, and I applied myself assiduously to the study of complicated diseases, which will occur perhaps once, if at all, in the professional life of a busy physician.

The ordinary diseases, like dyspepsia, bronchitis, colic, and even toothache, were dismissed without even a moiety of attention. Much to my sorrow, I soon learned that only the rich and influential physician could afford to diagnose an obscure disease and call it by its technical term.

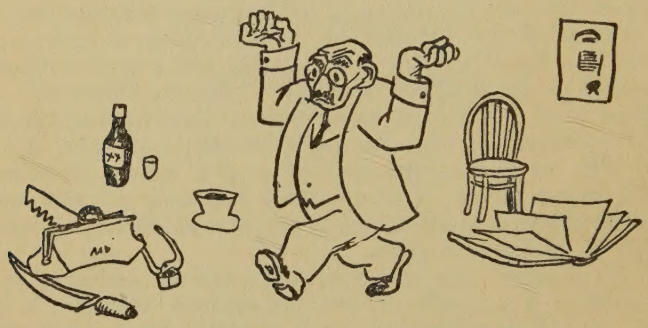
If an unknown physician diagnoses a case of toothache, he tells the sufferer it is toothache, but the opulent consultant is privileged to call it odontalgia, and regulates his honorarium accordingly.

Soon I got to be very busy practicing economy, and I purchased a book, entitled "How to Live on Five Dollars a Week." I found the book eminently practical, and could have followed its precepts very comfortably if I only had had the five dollars.

One day when the gastric vacuum was becoming pronounced, and when the coloration of my feelings was assuming a cerulean aspect, Mrs. Dennis Mulcahy, one of my neighbors, entered the waiting-room of my office. I saw Mrs. Mulcahy through the key-hole. I was so perturbed that I hardly knew what to do. This was evidently to be my first patient. I didn't want to lose her, nor did I deem it proper to admit her at once into my consultation room.

I coughed loudly to assure her that I was in, and then I walked stealthily around to the door of the waiting-room, locking it from the outside to be sure that Mrs. Mulcahy would not escape.

Then I hurriedly rearranged my room. Taking from the bookcase some ponderous volumes, I distributed them carelessly about my writing desk. I gathered up all the cigar stumps, and I gave special prominence to a skull, which had done duty for over twenty years in contributing food to a friend of mine, who had died a confirmed gourmand. Then I coughed again, and then as if talking loudly to a supposititious patient, I said, grandiloquently, "My dear sir, I appreciate your check of one thousand dollars, which you have given me for saving the life of your child, and if you need my services again, why call on me. Don't thank me again, my dear sir, this check is sufficient evidence of your gratitude, and good day to you."



"How to live on five dollars a week."

Having delivered myself of these words with my last fifty cents in my pocket, I peeped through the key-hole to note the effect of my language on Mrs. Mulcahy.

She was pacing the room nervously, in evident distress. She must be suffering from some nervous trouble. I looked through an index of symptoms very hurriedly, and found that nervous walking indicated some nervous disease. I opened the door and admitted Mrs. Mulcahy.

"Sit down, Mrs. Mulcahy, and excuse me for keeping you waiting; the fact is I was very busy. You are suffering from a nervous affection, Mrs. Mulcahy. Your eyes look distressed, and your pulse is somewhat agitated."

"Sure it's not me at all that's schick, dochther. It's me own darlint son Patsy."

"Poor little Patsy sick," I queried, "why, what ails him?"

"Shure it's for you to find out, and if I knew, would I be coming to you at all, at all? Patsy has schwallowed something down his surcofagus, so the other docther said, and it's the viry divil it's playing wid his lights ever since."

"Mrs. Mulcahy," replied I with gravity, "if another physician is in attendance, it's against the code for me to visit Patsy."

"Ag'in the pfwat, did you say?"

"Against the code, Mrs. Mulcahy."

"I told you it pfwas not a cowld, but an illumination of his lights."

I saw it was useless to discuss the code with Mrs. Mulcahy. She told me "that the former physicians were no longer in attendance, and that they had given her Patsy up," and here she wept bitterly.

I remembered Patsy very well; a dirty, freckled little rascal with red hair. Oftentimes in the bitterness of my heart, when I had cursed my fate and sought solace in walking around the neighborhood, I frequently encountered Patsy.

He was a saucy imp, generous to a fault, and the pride of the neighborhood. Everybody liked Patsy, and I was no exception. Persuasion was no longer necessary, and I accompanied Mrs. Mulcahy to her humble home in the poverty-stricken district, and after ascending four flights of stairs, I entered the sick chamber—a room without air or light.

There in his little cot lay poor Patsy, feeble and emaciated. Patsy held forth his tiny arms, and I allowed them to encircle my neck. My eyes moistened at Patsy's almost inaudible entreaty to "do sumthin' for him."

"He wanted to play wid de kids again. He wanted to grow up a big man, and buy his mammy all de ginger cake she could eat, and all de merlasses candy she could swallow."

There was more genuine sincerity in Patsy's nature than could be found in all the boasted triumphs of philanthropy. Could little Patsy divine what passed through my mind at that time, he would have had little faith in my ability to help him. Three excellent physicians had attended him and done him no good, while I, a mere amateur in medicine, was asked to conjure with miracles. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," thought I.

I hardly knew where or how to begin the examination. I recollected that my text-book on diagnosis counseled the examination

to be made after a methodical system. I knew the system perfectly at college, but at this moment, my mind was a blank. I tried to look wise. Mr. Professor of diagnosis always looked wise when he was perplexed. I thumped Patsy's chest good and hard. I thought that was the proper thing to do. Then I looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, looked at his eyes and felt the pulsations of his heart.

Perhaps Patsy had eaten something indigestible, so I took another look at his tongue. It was heavily coated, and I called Mrs. Mulcahy's attention to it. The good woman observed that Patsy really had a coat, for her son Jimmy had an ulster in his throat two weeks back. There remained one thing for me to do, and that was to listen to his chest, so I removed a stethoscope from my pocket and applied it to Patsy's chest. I listened long and earnestly. I must have pressed the end of the stethoscope very heavily on my patient's chest, for he started to yell, until I appeased his injured feelings by giving him a cachou, a box of which I always carried with me to remove the odor of tobacco, should chance ever permit me to visit a patient.

What I heard over Patsy's chest only the stars know. The air entering his lungs sounded like a storm at sea. The storm was in his lungs, and the sea was in my cranium. There was cooing, hissing and whistling sounds to be heard. Mrs. Mulcahy was right. Patsy had swallowed something. Perhaps it was his toy locomotive. It sounded as much like that as anything else. Turning to Mrs. Mulcahy, I inquired if Patsy had among his playthings a locomotive. She answered in the affirmative. I observed I was following up the proper line of inquiry. "Where is the locomotive now?" I asked with interest. She declared she did not know. Perhaps after all, Patsy had swallowed the locomotive, and I felt justified in arriving at the conclusion from the facts adduced.

Patsy had a dilatable gullet. This I knew from my acquaintance with him, for I often had seen him dispose of a large apple in two bites. Patsy had a locomotive, and, furthermore, the locomotive was missing, ergo, Patsy had swallowed the locomotive. I recalled the instance of the clever physician, who when visiting a patient told him offhand, that he had eaten too many oysters, which fact he had determined by looking under the bed of the patient and seeing a number of oyster shells.

I didn't communicate my diagnosis to Mrs. Mulcahy, for the latter had returned triumphantly to the room with the locomotive

in her hand. I didn't know what was the matter with Patsy. If I had been a prosperous physician, I could content myself with this knowledge, but I was poor and unknown, and a diagnosis had to be made at all hazards. I awoke from my reverie by a question from Mrs. Mulcahy, who wanted to know "what was the matter with Patsy." In reply, I said, "Don't ask me what is the matter, but where is the matter." "Patsy," I continued gravely, "suffers from the interchange of carbonic acid in his blood for oxygen." This was a normal process, but it sufficed to assure Mrs. Mulcahy of the profundity of my medical skill. After this admission, I promised to send the necessary medicine from the drug store and left the house.

I returned to my office at once and looked up my book of prescriptions. I was astounded at the number of prescriptions recommended as specifics for the different diseases. If I only knew what was the matter with Patsy, I would have no difficulty in making out the proper prescription, and that was where the difficulty lay.

The prescriptions began with abscess and ended with zymotic diseases. I thought I would take chances on the prescription, so closing my eyes with a pencil in my hand, I described a circle in the air with my pencil, and let the latter fall on the index page of the different diseases. The pencil struck pneumonia. Turning to the page, I found twenty-five different prescriptions recommended for pneumonia. I then took my dice and threw twice. I threw in all fifteen. So I selected the fifteenth prescription. I wrote a formula, and affixing my signature, brought it to the drug store, with instructions to send the medicine at once to the home of Mrs. Mulcahy. I then returned home, happy in the realization that I had prescribed for my first patient.

I had not retired but an hour, when all kinds of fears began to assail me. What if I had prescribed the wrong medicine? What if the druggist had not compounded the medicine properly? What if Patsy's mother had given him too much of the medicine? Such were the queries which rapidly suggested themselves to my perturbed imagination. At last I fell asleep, only to awake in a few hours with a sudden start, and with the conviction hurled at me like a thunderbolt, that the prescription which I had given Patsy was for adults only, and that the dose should have been one-seventh the amount prescribed.

My first impulse was to rush to the house of Mrs. Mulcahy and acquaint her with my error. No, it was too late; the medi-

cine had already been given. Perhaps Patsy was dead. I dared not expose my mistake. It was the only hope which would save me from arrest, and perhaps trial for murder. I thought I should go mad. God only knows what I suffered that night. I didn't think of poor little Patsy perhaps rigid in death, and his grief-stricken parent at his side. I thought only of myself. I saw the gibbet which would usher me into eternity. I thought of my friends and my abbreviated career, and then I thanked sweet oblivion that I thought no more.

The next morning at six o'clock, my landlady had entered my room and found me lying unconscious at the foot of my bed. She had summoned a neighboring practitioner, who quickly restored me to consciousness. The happenings of the previous day were quickly recalled. Like one in a dream, I dressed hurriedly, prepared to face the doom which awaited me. In a mechanical way, I reached the street, and the fresh morning air seemed to revive me. I walked to the corner of the street where Mrs. Mulcahy lived, and then my courage failed me. I peered around the corner stealthily where the front door of Mrs. Mulcahy's house was in full view. I looked for the crape, the sign of mourning, and saw none. My courage was momentarily revived, but I relapsed again into my state of utter dejection. Perhaps Mrs. Mulcahy was too poor to buy crape. Perhaps the undertaker had not yet arrived. I called a newsboy, and giving him a dime, instructed him to inquire if anyone had died at Mrs. Mulcahy's house. I could not await the return of the messenger, and I was prepared to steal away, fearful of learning the worst, when the boy returned, assuring me that no one had died at Mrs. Mulcahy's. I embraced the boy in the rapture of my exultation, and left him indifferent to his raillery that "I must have wheels."

"Gawd bless you, my darlint docther," were the words with which Mrs. Mulcahy greeted me. "You have brought out the mather which was in the insides of Patsy. That cupping wid de instroument done him a power of good."

At first I didn't catch the meaning of Mrs. Mulcahy's remarks, but an examination of Patsy's chest made the entire matter clear. She had mistaken my stethoscope for a cupping instrument. I had pressed the stethoscope so firmly on Patsy's chest, that I had unknowingly opened an abscess which had been present beneath the muscles of the chest, and had escaped the attention of the other medical attendants as well as myself. The pus from the abscess was flowing freely, and it was only a question of time

before Patsy would resume his functions as one of the terrors of the neighborhood.

"Did you give Patsy the medicine?" I inquired hesitatingly of Mrs. Mulcahy.

"No," replied the latter, "the druggist wouldn't lave it, because I had no money to pay for it."

I felt relieved. Patsy eventually got well and I presented my bill. That was about as far as the bill got. Its presentation brought forth the rejoinder from Mrs. Mulcahy that she had heard me thank a gentleman but a few weeks ago for a check of one thousand dollars, and surely a physician with that amount of money ought not to trouble a poor widow.

Mrs. Mulcahy was right. God is the paymaster of the poor, and he must love them, for he makes so many of them.

My appetite was as keen as before my attendance on Patsy Mulcahy, but his case brought me reputation, and the latter brought me the wherewithal to purchase the necessities of life. If ever I am rich enough to own my own carriage I will emulate the example of the fashionable doctors and have an escutcheon painted on it, bearing the inscription,

"Mistakes Often Lead to Fame."

CHAPTER II

A SCIENTIFIC COURTSHIP

My colleague, Dr. Edmond Laidy, had attained the age of forty years and was unmarried. He was a clever heart specialist and devoted to his profession. He gave little time to social affairs, but when he did go into society he had a very peculiar habit of grasping the hands of his lady acquaintances as if he were feeling their pulses.

His friends referred this peculiarity to abstraction, and they would frequently remark that Dr. Laidy was so engrossed in his professional habits that he could not forget them even in social life.

One night he met for the first time, Laura Gage, the only daughter of Ferdinand Gage, the capitalist. At the time of their introduction, it was remarked that he held the hand of Miss Gage longer than was usual with him on such occasions.

That night Dr. Laidy dreamed only of Laura Gage.

When love casts her weapon at such a victim as Dr. Laidy the inflicted wound is deep and dangerous. This was not the ephemeral love of youth which explodes like a firecracker, and leaves nought but desolation in its wake, to taunt one forever for the mere folly of an emotion. It was not long before Dr. Laidy determined to make an avowal of love to Miss Gage.

On the eventful evening he said to the lady, "I am a man of few words, but will succinctly give you the reason of my visit this evening. I love you for many reasons, but one at my time of life must temper his emotions with discretion; I therefore propose that our engagement will be a probationary one; that if, at the end of two weeks we see no reason to change our minds—you will become Mrs. Edmond Laidy, and I, well—will become a benedict."

"You have not asked me whether I love you, Dr. Laidy," responded Miss Gage.

"That was entirely unnecessary, Laura; emotions speak louder than words, and I knew you loved me the very first time we met. Am I not correct in my judgment?" continued the doctor.

"You are indeed right, Edmond; I love you and will agree to your probationary engagement. But tell me, how did you make the discovery that I loved you?"

"I have prepared myself for your interrogation, dearest Laura," said Dr. Laidy. "See!" and he removed from his pocket an illustration of the heart showing its nerve connections.

"The ancients were correct in fixing the abode of love in the heart, which is responsive to all emotions, notably to that of love. There is a peculiar rhythm which the heart adopts when love is the emotion which sways it. This rhythmic movement is transmitted to the pulse and the skilled physician interprets the sensation by the tactile sense.

"People have remarked what they regarded as a peculiarity of mine—that of grasping the hand of a lady as if I were feeling her pulse. This was not abstraction, but deliberate intention on my part; it was always my desire to marry, but until I could find someone in whom I could awaken the love emotion I would not precipitate myself into marriage. Need I say more? Laura, when I first met you, your pulse eloquently revealed your secret, and now that the compact is made, I will say good-night, as duty calls me forth to visit little Johnny Watts, who is suffering from a bad attack of smallpox. So, good-night, dearest—I will not kiss you—no, I cannot perform that function until tomorrow

night, when I will send you my engagement present, which will be a choice bottle of antiseptic mouth wash; then dearest, we will revel in a kiss, and bid defiance to the ubiquitous microbe."

The secret motive of Dr. Laidy in making his engagement to Miss Gage one of probation was directed by discretion. He had observed in his practice that one of the most potent factors of unhappiness among married people was sickness. Unmarried people enter the holy bonds of matrimony without considering the question of health, and he always feared making an alliance with some woman who might prove herself physically and mentally incompetent.

The physician of the Gage family was Dr. Preston, an enemy

"I will not kiss you—no."

of Dr. Laidy. To apply to him for information relative to the health of Miss Gage was entirely out of the question. He could not ask Miss Gage to submit herself to him for examination of her heart and lungs. That is why he advised the engagement on probation, as a rational means of learning something about her physical condition. He also knew that he must not betray the object of his investigations.

When Dr. Laidy next visited his betrothed, he noticed with dismay that she did not receive him in evening dress, as he wished that night to investigate her respirations as an index to the condition of her lungs.

"Don't you know, Laura," he remarked, "that a décolleté dress would become you very well."

"If I am not mistaken," she responded, "only yesterday you admired me because I did not wear a décolleté dress."

"Yes, I remember I did say that," he answered, "but then you were not betrothed to me. Now I am concerned about your future health. Woman, you will pardon my professional excursion, breathes with the upper portion of her chest, and a décolleté dress leaves that portion of the thorax unincumbered, and therefore contributes towards proper inflation of the lungs."

"To-morrow I will be prepared to follow your sanitary advice," she said, thanking Dr. Laidy at the same time for the interest which he took in her well being.

The rest of the evening was spent in discussing the biology of the cladothrix dichothoma. After imparting a sterile kiss on the antiseptic lips of Laura he returned to his home.

The next evening Laura Gage greeted the doctor in décolleté costume. The greeting over, the physician removed his watch, and gazing at the anatomically correct chest of his betrothed began to count her respirations. Laura regarded his actions as peculiar, and she ventured to inquire what he was doing.

"Nothing, my dear, only contemplating the grandeur of nature," the abstracted doctor replied.

For one hour he kept track of her respirations, and the movements of her chest; executing his observations under various conditions. On one pretext or another he made her stand, then walk rapidly around the room until she really believed that her future life was to be devoted to the experimental investigations of Dr. Laidy.

She was glad when his visit was at an end, while he secretly congratulated himself that Laura Gage had perfect lungs. It remained for him to investigate her heart. To do so, it seemed necessary for him to bring a stethoscope—this was impossible. He must rely solely on his unaided ear. This was unscientific, he argued, for some slight murmur of the heart might be present and escape detection.

For this reason he spent the rest of the night in grave anxiety, fearing that an examination without a stethoscope would not be crucial. The following evening he was less formal in his greeting. A little more cordiality would not compromise him, for had he not found that Laura's lungs were in sound condition?

Even Laura was surprised at his cordiality, and this feeling was accentuated when he encircled her waist with his arm, and told her to rest her head on his shoulder and breathe gently.

Placing his ear to the region of her heart he was lost in abstraction.

"Edmond, dear," she murmured, "is this not bliss?"

She repeated the utterance, but Dr. Laidy was not aware that she spoke, and then in an abstracted way he said:

"Diastolic and systolic tones clear, no *accentuation,* and rhythm perfect."

"Are you dreaming, Edmond?" she said, as he unconsciously delivered himself of this technical harangue.

"Dreaming, dearest—why, no; why do you ask?"

"Because," she answered, "you seem to forget me in your art; will it always be thus, Edmond?"

"No," answered the doctor, now fully aroused from his soliloquy. "Never again will I lose myself in your presence in the intricacies of my art."

He felt that he could say this much, as he was satisfied that the chest organs of Laura were in sound condition.

That evening Dr. Laidy decided that on the following day he would make his betrothal final. Never stake anything on the status of the mind; its vagaries are manifold, incessant and vacillating. One moment it bears us in its migrations to the dizzy altitudes of supreme happiness, only to dash us in the next minute to the deep abyss of despair.

On the evening of his return to his home after visiting Laura he became interested in an article from the pen of a German investigator.

The contribution was entitled "How to Prognosticate Longevity by a Microscopical Examination of the Blood."

According to the calculations of this investigator, if a certain reagent were added to a drop of blood under the microscope, a depression would form on the surface of the red blood corpuscles, and that the greater the number of depressions thus developed, the longer would be the life of the individual from whom the blood was removed. Thus if five depressions developed the person would live five years; if three, three years; two, two years, and if only one depression were present the death of the person could positively be predicted within one year.

Five hundred cases were cited in support of the theory. After reading the article, Dr. Laidy sought to dismiss the subject from his mind; try as he would, the idea could not be conquered. It recurred to him constantly that an examination of Laura's blood would positively establish the duration of her life. There was

something in the German theory that was so positive. An ordinary examination of an individual might inform you whether the organs were healthy, but never before had science so advanced that you could tell how long a person would live.

Physicians are the most credulous beings alive; they will allow almost anything to reach their mentalities. If a patient were to secretly indulge in the use of a patent medicine, he never could expect pardon for his insufferable stupidity from his medical adviser; yet the very adviser swallows with alacrity all the stuff that is parceled out to him by contributors to medical journals.

Had Dr. Laidy only exercised the circumspection employed by the average man, not the physician, he would have hesitated before accepting as truths the observations of the German scientist. He would at least have waited for confirmation of the investigations by others.

When Dr. Laidy visited Laura the next time, he brought his microscope. When they were alone he anxiously inquired whether she would like to see a drop of her blood under the microscope.

"How thoughtful of you, Edmond; I shall be delighted. Shall you want the blood from my fingers?"

"Thank you," he answered, and quickly thrust a sterilized pin into her digit; he allowed a drop of the precious fluid to fall on a glass, and after adding a drop of reagent to the blood he quickly placed it under the microscope, where he sat in contemplation for a few minutes.

"Aren't you well, Edmond?" Laura anxiously inquired, as she observed the pallor of his face, for at that moment he had discovered only one depression on the surface of the red blood corpuscles, and Laura was doomed to die within the year.

With deep sorrow and anxiety depicted on his countenance, he told Miss Gage that he regretted that their engagement must be severed. He would not tell why, but begged her to remember that the parting was to him a most painful one.

Without a further word of explanation he gathered his microscopical appurtenances and left the house.

Dr. Laidy made anxious inquiries daily about the condition of Laura's health. From all sources he learned that she was in perfect health; notwithstanding these reports he was observed to shake his head ominously, as if to say the Damocles sword might fall at any time.

A few months later, Laura's engagement to John Wilson, the attorney, was announced. Dr. Laidy deplored the fate of poor

Wilson. If he could only communicate his discovery, and advise him of the calamity that was in store for him, he would willingly do so, but he was confronted with the fact that the betrayal of his secret meant a hideous disclosure of the mean advantage which he had taken of Laura under the guise of friendship.

Thus months rolled by and still Laura lived, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Dr. Laidy. "Why should she live?" soliloquized Dr. Laidy, in his quieter moments. He felt aggrieved; he felt as many other physicians feel when their prognostications are not verified. It was not they, but their art which had erred.

Physicians forget the deficiencies and limitations of their art, and they regard in consequence its faults as their own.

Two years after the happy marriage of Laura Gage, the latter called at the office of Dr. Laidy; she briefly expressed the object of her visit—it was to offer some of her blood for a poor woman—one of Dr. Laidy's patients, who had met with a serious accident. She had heard that transfusion would be practiced, for which the blood of some healthy person was sought. She volunteered the donation. Dr. Laidy cheerfully accepted the offer, provided the blood would respond to a microscopical examination.

It did, most thoroughly, and to Dr. Laidy's consternation there were at least a hundred depressions on each red-blood corpuscle.

That night the following missive was addressed to Dr. Carl Ruprecht, author of the article, "How to Prognosticate Longevity by a Microscopical Examination of the Blood":

"My Teutonic and Beer-Loving Colleague: If you again suffer from *cacoethes scribendi,* please take a generous dose of strychnine, and be sure to avoid the subsequent use of antidotes.

"Your contribution was a bloody prevarication, conceived by an astigmatic intellect. Your article amply illustrated the time-worn apothegm, 'He lies like a physician.' Let our roads in life not cross, lest I add murder to other rash acts provoked by you."

CHAPTER III

"A MODERN AESCULAPIUS"

Ingleby Drake and I were companions in our early youth. The fates had decreed that Ingleby was to become a physician. When it was time for him to bid farewell to this earth, he summoned me to his side and bade me to recount to the world the

vicissitudes of his career, lest other misguided creatures seduced by the specious glamour of hope and promise should be inveigled into a hopeless entanglement of deception and ignominy.

Thus have I become his biographer. Poor Ingleby, you deserved a better fate. Heredity and chance conspired to make you a victim of their perversity.

Ingleby Drake was the eldest of seven children. His parents resided in one of the rural districts of Southern California. His father was a poor, though industrious, farmer, whose tireless energy contributed to his family nothing but the actual necessities of life. His mother contributed her moiety to the family possessions, which was made up of love for her husband and devotion to her children. Her life was a beautiful example of immolation on the altar of devotion. She fittingly illustrated the supremacy of altruism over egoism. I can recall this noble woman in the autumn of her life harnessed to the cares of a growing family, scintillating like a ray of sunshine in the midst of her trials and tribulations. Ingleby was indeed opulent in the possession of such a mother. Education, he had none. Like an intelligent animal, he was trained to perform a few primitive acts. His mental automatism enabled him to read with difficulty, to spell inaccurately, and to figure grotesquely, yet, withal, ingenuous Ingleby was contented. His tardy cerebration fortified him against ambition and he knew nought of the world, save that which was revealed to him in his sylvan retreat by communion with his virgin being.

Under guidance of intuition, he insulted neither his brain nor his stomach, thus anxiety he had none, but of sleep and good digestion, a plenitude. Happy intuition! How few of us in this age of reason are endowed with the priceless possessions of Ingleby?

The greatest hardship of civilization is a terrible conflict between reason and intuition, with no legitimate reason for the struggle.

Ingleby was a perfect specimen of physical strength. He was not such a type as would have inspired a Phidias or Praxiteles. He was remote from beauty. He was and looked the conventional country lad, destined for no other object in life than to develop the resources of the soil. Remove him from his rural environment and he would become a perverse creature swayed by the capriciousness of his fancy and the importunities of an effete civilization. This was to be the fate of Ingleby.

He had an acquaintance, Nicholas Hunt by name, who was somewhat older than Ingleby. Hunt was formerly a herdsman by occupation, but by dint of rigid economy, coupled with ambition, he was enabled to take a course of lectures in a medical college in one of the Eastern States. Thanks to the latitudinous conscience of the medical faculty, abetted by the fees of Nicholas, the latter was easily shifted into the hallowed ranks of the medical profession. Nicholas Hunt, the quondam sheep herder, was now in the possession of a sheepskin, and blessed with all the deficiencies of a thorough medical education. "The Rapid Transit College," from which Nicholas was graduated, licensed him to practice medicine. He accepted the chair of "Commercial Medicine," in his *alma mater,* and in keeping with his previous occupation was made "Curator of Sheepskins." The professorship of commercial medicine was by no means a sinecure. On the contrary, it meant that the occupant of the chair, to use an emphatic phrase of an erudite member of the faculty, "had to get out and hustle." Prof. Hunt looked about him for recruits. He bethought himself of the companion of his youth, simple Ingleby, in his home in Southern California.

He sent Ingleby the following letter, the original of which may be found in the archives of The Smithsonian Institute:

SQUASHVILLE, Nov. 22, 1892.

My deer Ingleby:

"I know you dont remember Me in my Disguise as Dr. Nicholas Hunt, i, yes i, Limpy nick, who used to tend sheep with You. I amm professor of cummercial medisin in the rapid Transit Medical College, dement Department of the squashville university. I now wear a plug hat, glasses, broade clothe suite, a cleane shirte and write perskripsions in Latin. My success is great. Yesterday, i preescribed 4 45 patients and 3 are still alive 2 day. how is that 4 sucksess? Well to get down to bisness as we saye inn the classiks. We Kan make a Doktor of U. Think of it, Ingleby Drake, M. D. physician & Surgeon. Aint that fine? Don't it sound Bully? well, u can become a reale live Doktor and awl u need is $100. Think of it, ingleby u will B. allowed by Lawe 2 Handle the Lives of people

without any questions askede 4 the unpretenthouse some of $100. Wats the goode of Killing yourself with Hard work for 1$ a day, wen u Kan Kill some one else and get payed for it? in a few years, you wille B riche with paytients 2 Burn, if they Kare about Bing Kremated, just imagine ingleby your walking alonge the street in a plug hat & a cleane shirte & Bowing casual like 2 youre acquaintances. i heare u say 2 yourself i aint got any edicashin. i cant be a doktor. thats wear you waye off, people may B very Wise, wen it comes to saving money But wen they get sick, there Fools. people are peculiar, they would rather riske there Lives than their $s. Wen they get sick they want a Man withe sum Misterry stuck 2 him. Y in your Kase, U would have as we say in the classiks, a Post mortem cinch, or as you say, a dead cinch. Because they wood say, you was a natural borne physishian wile some other Phellow who had to study like thunder, they wood saye he had 2 study bekause he didn't Know nuthing about medicine, ingleby don't have 2 study, hees a natural borne physishian. Btween Me & u, ingleby, poets are borne not maid But the facultie of the rapid Transit medical College is proude of the distinction thatt at thaire institushion, physishians are maide & not borne. Answer 2 me at wunce.

& remember your distinguished friend

DR. NICHOLAS HUNT, M.D.

Physician, Surgeon & a lot of other things which i Kant right downe Because I havent any more payper.

After the receipt of Prof. Hunt's letter, Ingleby, with the aid of the village schoolmaster and a dictionary, was able to read it. The letter left Ingleby no opportunity to waver in his purpose. He would become a physician. He would help the poor and afflicted. If his dear mother needed his services, or his brother Ben, how willingly would he serve them. He was no longer the unambitious, ingenuous youth of the country village. What his intelligence lacked, his imagination supplied. He

already saw his name emblazoned on the escutcheon of medical science. He never tired of gazing in mute admiration at a sign which the village painter had facetiously painted:

INGLEBY DRAKE, M.D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Ingleby's family shared his enthusiasm. When Ingleby retired at night he gave the sign a conspicuous place in his bed-chamber. When he awoke, it was the first thing which attracted his attention. That sign was his fetish. It owned him, body and soul. The yokels got to calling him Doc. until all that remained between Ingleby and the realization of his dreams was about three hundred dollars, the sum required for tuition fee, transportation and living expenses while attending the college at Squashville. Mr. Drake, the father of Ingleby, wrote to an eminent surgeon in San Francisco, soliciting an opinion on the qualifications of his son to become a practitioner of medicine. This eminent surgeon had, some years before, performed gratuitously a surgical operation on Mrs. Drake, since which time her husband considered the surgeon to be under the deepest obligations to him. In a week Mr. Drake received the following reply:

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1893.

Mr. Jonathan Drake:

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your communication respecting the advisability of sending your son, Ingleby, to a medical college. Your son is no more fitted to practice medicine than a large number of physicians. The degree M.D. does not confer a knowledge of medicine on the recipient; it merely entitles him to practice the art. You say, "he may ornament medical science." In this, sir, you are mistaken; it will be the science which will endeavor to ornament him. Unfortunately, medical art has nearly exhausted its embellishments on such crude recruits like your son. If my advice be heeded, let Ingleby remain at home in the sweet innocence of his environment. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and this is especially so in relation to medical knowledge. A little knowledge of medicine is a

sharp-edged tool, and must be handled with infinite circumspection. Hoping, sir, you will respect my disinterested advice, I subscribe myself,

Very sincerely,

MUNFREY WINN.

"The idea," remarked Mr. Jonathan Drake, after the perusal of Dr. Winn's letter. "Why, Dr. Winn is an ingrate to think that he can monopolize the practice of medicine; why, he's jealous of my noble son, Ingleby, who is a born physician."

These remarks addressed to farmer Higgins, a neighbor, met with concurrence, and it was forthwith decided that Mr. Drake should mortgage his farm for three hundred dollars, the amount necessary to enable Ingleby to complete his medical education. Mr. Drake saw in Ingleby what many another fond parent saw in a child. He saw subjectively. He saw not the actual son, but the vision of that son as he would like to see him, and he eventually saw that son in no other light. Ingleby Drake was destined to study medicine, and he was truly deserving of God's blessing—for he surely needed it.

CHAPTER IV

I WAS walking along one of the side streets of the city of C—, about one year after bidding good-bye to Ingleby Drake on his departure for "The Rapid Transit Medical College," when my

attention was directed to a sign of gigantic proportions, bearing the following inscription:

DR. NICHOLAS HUNT, M.D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Specialist for Diseases of the Nose, Throat, Eye, Ear, Mouth, Lungs, Gullet, Teeth, Ligaments, Eye-Lashes, Nerves and all other Diseases. Special attention paid to acute and chronic diseases, especially to wind-colic. Office Hours—All the time. Please ring the Bell and enter without Knocking.

My first impulse was to visit Nicholas and to congratulate him on his accession to the noble art about which Hippocrates and the learned Celsus loved to write. I hastily ascended the interminable stairs leading to his office, and entered a small reception room. Like the average physician's waiting-room, it defied the law pertaining to the cubic air ordinance. It contained a couple of rickety chairs and a dilapidated table, on which rested, with the tranquillity of old age, three ancient magazines and a bottle of dirty alcohol, in which was immersed what looked like a tumor. The general appearance of the room was filthy in the extreme. I did not wait very long, for another door was immediately opened, and there appeared before me Dr. Ingleby Drake.

Dr. Drake's greeting was very effusive. He asked me to be seated, and directed me to a chair which would have succumbed to a burden less cumbersome than mine. He observed my reluctance to be seated, and jocularly remarked that the chair had only three legs, one of which he had already successfully amputated as a prelude to his first operation. Poor Ingleby looked the picture of despair. His bloodless lips and emaciated form informed me more eloquently than words, that genteel starvation had already claimed him for a victim. He bemoaned the sad fate which was in store for him. He regarded death as the only relief from his sufferings. On that very day he had seen some prospects of a temporary release from starvation. A child in the neighborhood had broken its arm, and Ingleby was hastily summoned to the case. While Ingleby was engaged in bandaging the broken extremity, Dr. Quickdeath had entered the room. Dr. Quickdeath was formerly Professor of Medical Ethics in the school from which Ingleby had graduated, and of course he got

the case. A shrug of the shoulder and an evanescent reference to youth and inexperience carried conviction to the anxious parents, and Dr. Drake was once again relegated to the waiting-list.

While we were engaged in discussing the future, the door leading to the waiting-room was suddenly opened, and a tall individual entered. He wore a long, scraggy beard, a shiny broadcloth suit, a dirty shirt, and carried in his hand a dilapidated pair of gloves. Dr. Drake introduced this gentleman as his distinguished colleague, Professor Nicholas Hunt, and after inviting his eminent confrere to stand, there being no other unoccupied chair in the room, he appealed to Professor Hunt to aid him in his difficulty. "That's just like you, Ingleby, always wanting help. Didn't I get you your degree, Ingleby?" said Prof. Hunt. "The fact is, Ingleby, I am too busy. I've had three confinements today, a case of measles and a couple of broken legs, and I thought I would just run in and tell you how busy I am."

"Does your success bring me food?" replied Ingleby.

"Now, there you go again," answered the loquacious Prof. Hunt. "Everything comes to him who waits. Didn't I wait? Didn't I suffer what you now suffer, until fortune smiled on me? Coffee and sinkers was good enough for me in my early struggles, but now it's beefsteak, if I want it, three times a day. All you need to do," and he cast a significant wink at me, "is to become a professional abortionist."

"Become a professional abortionist; why, what is that?" inquired the unsuspecting Ingleby.

"Why, Ingy, you're not up to the times; it's practicing feticide, that's what it is," replied Prof. Hunt, sententiously.

"Practice feticide," I cried in alarm. "Is it possible, that before me, an utter stranger, you exercise no scruples in referring to your nefarious practice? Is it possible?" I continued, "that you would inveigle my simple friend, Dr. Drake, into committing murder for the sake of mere sustenance?"

"Come down from your trapeze," said the distinguished member of the medical profession, "and let me tell you, sir, that in your daily newspapers, your boasted arbiters of morality, the advertisements of the professional abortionist are as common as those of any other calling. These advertisements," he continued, "say openly what they mean. They are read in your homes by your wives and children."

I answered in reply that Prof. Hunt misrepresented the truth; that *The Public Moralist* and *The Daily Hypocrite,* the two lead-

ing dailies of the city, instead of yielding their columns to such immoral advertisements, were really the very instruments which sought to inhibit a vice which was criminal and repugnant to the moral sentiment of society. I advanced, as an instance, the example of the two great dailies expending thousands of dollars to bring to justice a professional abortionist who had caused the death of a poor young girl.

"Seeing is believing," said Prof. Hunt, as he removed from the capacious pocket of his coat a copy of *The Public Moralist.* "Here are advertisements which don't lie," and he pointed significantly to the following advertisements extracted *verbatim et literatim* from the advertising columns of *The Public Moralist:*

> A BLESSING to ladies—Instant relief for monthly irregularities (from whatever cause) by the most experienced ladies' physician, who restores all cases at once by an improved method, superior to others; Ladies will save time and money; be assured of honest treatment by consulting the doctors before consulting elsewhere; home in confinement; treatment warranted; advice free.
>
> A SUGGESTION—Ladies in trouble, communicate with Dr. ————.
>
> ALL CASES of monthly irregularities, from whatever cause, restored at once, safe and sure; travelers helped without delay; refined home in confinement; my celebrated remedies for monthly suppression never fail; for guaranteed relief consult the doctor before going elsewhere; advice free; French sure pills, $1. Mrs. Dr. ————.
>
> A NEW PROCESS; no medicine or instruments; patients who come to my office use capsules and call them a humbug; every woman her own physician; all female troubles, no matter what cause; restores—

always in one day; can be sent and used at home; all cases guaranteed. ALL MONTHLY sickness, from whatever cause, restored in a few hours; safe and sure at all times when others have failed; every case guaranteed; my old-time remedies never fail; years of experience; advice free; terms reasonable; home in confinement. Mrs. Dr. ————.

The evidence of Prof. Hunt was overwhelming. He proved conclusively to me that the newspaper press was the staunch ally of the professional abortionist. I could not tolerate the company of this vile creature any longer, and deplored in my hurried departure, that I did not remain with poor Ingleby Drake as a mentor in his hour of real danger, for well I knew that an empty stomach overthrows the barriers to temptation.

CHAPTER V

EVER since leaving Dr. Drake in company with that arch-fiend, Prof. Hunt, I had felt a sense of impending danger. I realized that Prof. Hunt could influence Ingleby in any direction, whether for good or evil, and I was sure it was for evil. A knowledge of medicine is a dangerous toy when wielded by an amateur. Ingleby did not even attain to the dignity of being an amateur physician. He was a mere puppet. Could Prof. Hunt wish Ingleby to commit murder by the administration of some potent drug? Had he some motive for removing some individual—perhaps a rich uncle, an obnoxious wife, or an illegitimate child? Did he select unsophisticated Ingleby as his tool? These were the questions which agitated my troubled thoughts.

A master mind in medicine might execute crime without detection, but a mere dabbler in medicine, such as I knew Prof. Hunt to be, would plan crime so coarsely that detection was a foregone conclusion.

I had spent the night in restless sleep, assailed by horrible visions of my poor friend, Ingleby Drake, and it was a relief to read at the breakfast table in *The Daily Hypocrite* that the bomb had burst.

I had anticipated something, and I was not disappointed. The Damocletian sword had fallen. My suspense was now over. I confess that I read the headlines of the tragic occurrence with a sensation of relief, mingled with sorrow. Relief for myself, such is selfishness; sorrow for my friend, such is charity:

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE ABORTIONIST

MARY RULEY, OF TULENE, DIES A HORRIBLE DEATH

TRAGIC END OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, AIDED BY THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCTS OF A PHYSICIAN

THE MURDERER, DR. INGLEBY DRAKE, A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN OF THIS CITY

THE VICTIM AT THE MORGUE—THE ASSASSIN IN JAIL

These were the headlines. In the editorial column of *The Daily Hypocrite,* of the same issue, I read the following:

> "Our beautiful city was again shocked yesterday afternoon by the occurrence of a murder, the nature of which is repellent to every moral citizen of our commonwealth. We have been unremitting in our denunciation of a crime which permits lust to be gratified without penalty, and shame concealed by ante-natal murder. Notwithstanding our sincere opposition, feticide is on the increase. It menaces the future of our glorious country, deteriorates our race, arrests population and sacrifices the health of our women. The vice is so common that its venom is being deposited into every fibre of our body politic. It has its origin in many motives, notably, the impulse of passion and the concealment of crime. Let us not waiver in bringing the murderer to justice, and exemplify our determination to check this

most unholy of crimes. 'Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids; her monuments shall last when Egypt falls.'"

"Verily," I thought, "*The Daily Hypocrite* is a great paper to be able to conciliate the masses, for another column literally teemed with the announcements of professional abortionists, telling in unequivocal language the simplicity and advantages of feticide."

As I arose from the breakfast table, a note was handed to me. It was from Dr. Drake, imploring me to visit him at the county jail. There in a cell, like a caged animal, sat the remnants of Ingleby Drake. His bloodshot eyes, disheveled hair and woe-begone expression, pictured the intensity of his mental suffering. He looked at me intently for many minutes, like one in a dream. Neither of us spoke a word. Passing his hand across his forehead, like one awakening, his first word was, "Mother." He wished he was back again in his humble home, the honest country boy, deaf to the glamor of promise, the hopelessness of ambition. "It was fate that selected me as a victim," he cried in despair.

"Not fate, Ingleby," I ventured to say. "Not fate, but the laxity of our laws which permitted the creation of fungoid institutions known as medical colleges, where irresponsible fiends in the guise of educators, lure victims to their fold, and inculcate the lessons of crime. They cannot punish you if they know the truth. I will proclaim, Ingleby, to all the world, that you are innocent; that their legalized schools, not you, are responsible for this murder."

"Say no more, my good friend," responded Ingleby. "Good-bye, and God bless you. Tell the world the history of my unhappy life. I may never see you again," and with tears in my eyes, and one hurried look at the withered and disconsolate face of Ingleby Drake, I hastened away.

I did not see him again. The next day he was found dead in his cell. His finger-nail and a lacerated radial artery at the wrist told the story—he had bled to death.

His mother died of a broken heart. A few days later his father suffered an apoplectic attack, from which he never recovered. The family was dispersed and the old farm sold by the mortgagee. The citizens of the village have erected a humble monument to the memory of Ingleby, and the epitaph tells the story of his life:

DR. INGLEBY DRAKE

AGE 24

SHEEP-HERDER, FARMER, PHYSICIAN

Born and bred in innocence, seduced by specious promise, educated in crime, and died by self-destruction.

CHAPTER VI

A MYSTERY OF THE LATIN QUARTER

WE were seated at our club one evening in complacent enjoyment of our regalias and cocktails, discussing everything in general, and medicine in particular.

Physicians do not always, as is popularly supposed, carry with them the burdens of their patients. They relegate that duty to the latter with the utmost composure.

"That appendix, Brooks, which you removed for appendicitis this morning," said Dr. Wallace, one of our prominent oculists, "was there anything in it?"

"No," replied Brooks, "only a cool thousand. I have another operation on the tapis tomorrow afternoon, which promises to be of great interest," continued Dr. Brooks. "I am going to separate that double-headed monster down in the dime museum. When first I proposed the operation, they put their heads together and refused, claiming that two heads were better than one. They wouldn't think of separation, as they were fondly attached to each other. Yesterday, however, they got to quarreling on a most trivial matter, and what do you suppose, gentlemen, it was?"

"I am like the fellow who took the emetic," suggested our funny colleague, "he gave it up, and so do I."

"Well, I will tell you," resumed Brooks. "John, that's one of them, and Jack, that is the other one, began discussing the Civil War. John stood for the North and Jack for the South. The discussion on such a subject couldn't, of course, lead to amicable relationship, so they decided in their case at any rate, in union there was no strength, so tomorrow they are going to separate."

"I wouldn't perform that operation, Brooks, if I were you,"

said Dr. Wallace. "Remember, Brooks, 'Those whom God has joined together let no man put asunder.'"

We had another drink at the expense of Wallace, and we kept on with our badinage.

"Have you noticed how pale and enervated Williams has been looking lately?" said Dr. Finn, suddenly breaking the playful raillery. "That man is a remarkable surgeon and very successful, but somehow or other, I think he is not destined long for this world. His valet tells me that he is awake at all hours of the night, that he eats hardly anything, and seems very much depressed. Gentlemen," continued Dr. Finn, "we all like Williams, and we must do something for him."

"Perhaps no greater misfortune can befall a physician," suggested Dr. Wallace, "than sickness. For, like the mythical Tantalus, there is a plenitude within his range of vision, but he cannot reach it. He must perish, because he has *carte blanche* in the selection of his physicians, and to quote an apposite axiom, 'Too many cooks spoil the broth.' Like you, Finn, I have also noted the change undergone by our colleague, and he is certainly laboring under some severe mental strain. I have never seen anyone execute an operation as rapidly as he, and you must admit, gentlemen, that in my time, I have witnessed many notable operations. I can regard his ambidexterity in no other way than by pronouncing it phenomenal. He usually operates with his right hand, holding his arm in a rather awkward position, but in his last operation, which I saw him do only yesterday, he employed his left hand with the same dexterity as the right, holding his arm in the same awkward position as the right."

"Pierre," said Dr. Wallace, addressing the attendant at the club, "has Dr. Williams been at the club this evening?" No sooner were the words uttered, when the door of the room was forcibly opened, and there stood before us Dr. Williams. He looked pale and haggard. His clothing was disarranged and his hair disheveled. He dragged himself with difficulty toward a chair, and no sooner was he seated than he fell to the floor unconscious. It was many minutes before restoratives revived him. In removing his collar, we observed that a guard protected his neck. It was fastened to a cuirass. Both were made of metal, and so colored that only close inspection revealed the artifice.

The neck guard showed five shallow indentations, four on one side of the guard and one on the other. The sleeves of his coat were torn, and when the latter were removed it was seen that the

forearms were protected by vambraces. We looked at each other, as to fathom the meaning of this strange state of things. Dr. Williams relieved us of suspense by suddenly exclaiming, "Thank God, gentlemen, I am among friends. I can bear this strain no longer," pursued Williams. "For fifteen years I have martyred my being for a crime committed by another. You, gentlemen, will bear witness to my narrative, for whatever fate befalls me, I declare to you I am innocent. Finn," said Williams, turning to his colleague, "remove the arm guards." After the latter were removed, he continued, addressing Finn. "Here is my pocket case; you will find a sharp bistoury, forceps, and everything else which is necessary. I want you to perform a trivial operation. Pierre, a glass of whiskey."

Having drank the latter, he directed Dr. Finn to make an incision in the forearm, two inches above the annular ligament, between the tendons of the flexor carpi radialis and palmaris longus. During the time Dr. Finn was executing his bidding, Williams seemed the most unconcerned person in the room. "That was very neatly done, Finn. Now raise the superficial fascia with your forceps, and search for a little roll." The latter was easily found. "Do the same on the other arm, Finn, and you will be similarly rewarded by finding another roll." Finn did as he was told, and true enough there was another roll, similar to the one removed from the other arm. "Just one more suture, Finn; I want healing by primary intention. I want no scar to remind me of the miseries of the past. Now, the bandage, Finn. I thank you. Once more my arms feel comfortable. These rolls are of paper, enveloped in an impervious covering." Removing the latter he disclosed the paper. "The paper," he exclaimed, examining it closely, "is as perfect as it was fifteen years ago, when I first placed it in its resting place. I have heard you frequently comment, gentlemen, on the awkwardness of holding my arms during an operation. You have now been offered an explanation. When the rolls were first placed there, I felt I could no longer execute the muscular movements so necessary in surgical work, and that I would be compelled to renounce my ambition to become a surgeon. Time and constant gymnastic movements of the muscles of my hands and arms have overcome the difficulty. My ambidexterity has been purchased at the expense of slavish devotion to a system of muscle training, for I believe, gentlemen, even had I no deformity to surmount, I would have nevertheless devoted myself, like a skilled pianist, to an education of my muscles,

for the surgeon must, like the juggler or pianist, make his muscles submissive to his will.

"To furnish you with a history of the rolls, I must recur to my student days in Paris. I was a student then at the *Ecole de Medecine,* inspired to work by such famous men as Hayem, Sappey, Charcot, Fournier and Peter. Ah! what a galaxy of lights," said the narrator reminiscently; "they were all stars, and every one did shine. Unlike many other American students, who sought companionship among their own countrymen, I was determined to lose my national identity for the time being. My companions, also medical students, were Baillon of Lyon, Edmond Baillon and Jean Legroux from nowhere, for I never knew.

"The latter was a curious specimen, who would have adorned a pathological museum, but among rational beings he was like a fish out of water. His mental composition was of the most capricious nature. He was alternately morose and jubilant, charitable and vicious, studious and dissolute; in a word, he was a freak. Baillon was remarkably diligent for a medical student. His prospects were brilliant, and he was related to one of the greatest professors. Baillon and I had already passed successfully our examinations, and all that remained between us and the coveted degree was the presentation of our theses. Although Legroux had been engaged longer than we in the study of medicine, he had not even passed a single examination.

"Where he obtained his funds no one knew. At one time he would have an abundance of money, while at another, he would have none. About this period, Paris was in a ferment over certain mysterious murders. The victims belonged to the demimonde. In one week three of these unfortunate creatures were found in a remote *cul de sac* of the city, with no mark of evidence beyond five indentations in the neck, four on one side, and one on the right side of the neck. The indentations in all instances were similar in depth, form and position. The hand of the assassin, for it was undoubtedly a hand, which had accomplished the murders by suffocation, must have been extremely small, and it was for this reason that two women were arrested on suspicion. Baillon, Legroux and myself made these murders the subject for frequent discussions. The strangler, suggested Baillon, must have been dominated by a spirit of revenge, while Legroux maintained that the motive was robbery. He fortified his position so ingeniously that we were compelled to admit the correctness

of his conclusion. On the day of the last murder, we directed our steps to the famous morgue of Paris, where the professor of medical jurisprudence was to deliver a lecture and perform an autopsy on the last victim.

"The autopsy-room was small, and access could only be secured by special cards of admission, which Legroux was fortunate enough to obtain for us. The professor, in the picturesque and epigrammatic diction of the French savant, discoursed on the phenomenal features of the assassination. 'The hand,' said the professor, 'which has effected the murder was diminutive and powerful. The hand belonged to a woman of diminutive stature. I know, gentlemen,' continued the lecturer, 'that such crimes are not often committed by women, but let us recall the words of Victor Hugo, "God took his softest clay and his purest colors, and made a fragile jewel, mysterious and caressing—the finger of a woman! then he fell asleep. The devil awoke, and at the end of that rosy finger put—a nail." For purposes of demonstration,' proceeded the lecturer, 'I will ask every student to approach the cadaver and encircle the neck with his hands.'

"Up to this time I observed that Legroux was the most interested spectator, but no sooner had the lecturer announced the demonstration, when he turned an ashy hue, and would have fallen to the floor had it not been for the support lent to him by Baillon and myself. Each student approached the cadaver in turn and made the manual movement alluded to by the professor. All had made the demonstration excepting Legroux, and it was not until then that Baillon and I had noted his absence.

"We regarded his conduct as most singular, but neither of us at that time disclosed our suspicions to each other. That evening we found Legroux in a brasserie in a dreadful state of intoxication. For the first time since our acquaintance, we remarked the dissimilarity between his two hands. The right hand was phenomenally small, whereas the left hand was of normal proportions. Why had we never remarked this before can only be attributed to a neglect of the powers of observation. Legroux was too intoxicated to recognize our presence, so we left him, determined at the end of the week to remove to some other habitation. When we returned to our quarters, we discussed until an early hour in the morning the episodes of the day. Baillon recalled to my mind a fact which had hitherto escaped me. Legroux had frequently in our conversation astounded us with his knowledge of the language, customs and religion of the Hindoos.

We recalled his dark complexion, slender figure and pleasing countenance and manner. 'Perhaps,' suggested Baillon, 'he is a thug.' My knowledge of thuggism prevented me from accepting this belief. 'His ancestors may have been thugs,' I replied, 'and heredity may have asserted itself in him, but the religious assassins of India never murdered women. It was against all rules.

" 'Let us say nothing about our disclosures, Baillon,' said I; 'the evidence at our command is only presumptive anyway, and "murder will out." ' Then we retired to rest, but only to unrest.

"Students, especially in Paris, must have their escapades. Baillon, although a thorough student, was no exception. He formed a liaison with a grisette. Legroux was also enamored of the same woman. I pleaded with Baillon to relinquish his rights in favor of Legroux. 'That man,' I cried in despair, when I found Baillon obdurate to my entreaties, 'will accomplish his purpose. Employ means fair or foul, you cannot contest the matter with him.' Poor Baillon, I grieved for him. Perhaps the same fate awaited him as the unfortunate creatures whom we had seen together at the morgue only a few days before.

"As I had anticipated, Baillon and Legroux quarreled, and they exchanged blows. The result which I had anticipated was sure to follow. In two days we were prepared to leave our quarters. In the meanwhile, I did not allow Baillon to quit my sight. On the morning of the day set for our departure, I went to hear the famous Charcot at the Salpetriere, the Mecca for the study of nervous diseases.

"Immediately after the lecture the *chef de clinique* handed me a note. It was from my landlady. She directed me to come home at once. Baillon was very sick and was not expected to live. I jumped into a passing fiacre, and directed to be driven to my address in all possible haste. When I entered the house all was confusion. With tears streaming down her cheeks, the landlady informed me between her sobs that Baillon was taken suddenly ill after breakfast with an attack of vomiting and fainting, and that he was now unconscious. She had summoned a neighboring physician, but he had pronounced the case hopeless, leaving him to be cared for by Legroux.

"I lost no time in reaching the apartment of Baillon. He was breathing stertorously, and was oblivious to his surroundings. Seated at his bedside was Legroux applying effusions to his forehead. The diminutive right hand of Legroux seemed more conspicuous than ever. I could hardly restrain myself from throttling

the murderer, and thus ridding the world of this fiend incarnate. A sardonic smile lit the features of Legroux. I asked him for an explanation of the tragedy. He could give none. 'Baillon was suddenly seized with a fit of illness after I had left him in the morning. You were the last person with him,' said Legroux, maliciously; 'you know, perhaps, more about his sickness than I.'

"'Do you mean to thrust your diabolic crime on me?' I said, with acerbity.

"'If you choose to so interpret it,' replied Legroux; 'it is no fault of mine.'

"'Fiend!' I cried aloud, 'you are in league with the devil, and this time you cannot escape the guillotine. Leave us, and summon a priest. Baillon must receive extreme unction, according to the rites of the church.' Legroux had left us but fifteen minutes before Baillon recovered consciousness, but only for a moment. He whispered the words *'Meurtre, regardez l'estomac.'* 'The murderer, who is he, the stomach, where shall I look?' I cried distractedly. Baillon did not hear me; he relapsed into unconsciousness, and in a few minutes he breathed no more.

"Legroux returned in an hour with the priest. 'My good father,' said I to the priest, 'Baillon, whom you regarded so highly, no longer needs your ministrations; he is in heaven.' 'Legroux,' said I, when we were alone, 'you know more about this matter than you dare to tell.'

"'Have a care,' responded Legroux quietly. 'There are many mysterious paths that lead to death.' 'And to the guillotine,' I interposed quickly. 'I shall see that the death of Baillon is avenged.'

"'Remember, my young American,' he ventured to reply, 'never incur the enmity of a Legroux. Accusations are easy, proof difficult. I have also my suspicions. I will submit my evidence when the proper time arrives. You will observe that I am more charitable than you. We will go together and witness the autopsy on our friend, and with you, I swear, his death will be avenged.'

"The autopsy was set for the following day at noon. In the interval I was harassed by all kinds of misgivings. I knew not what the morrow would bring forth. Perhaps Legroux would accuse me of being the murderer. I dare not recall the untold agony which I suffered that day. I thought I should go mad. I already saw myself an inmate of Bicêtre. What proof had I that I was not the murderer? The morrow came. Legroux

was already at the autopsy-room, calm and collected. What a contrast to my miserable being!

"The student of physiognomy would not have hesitated to select me, of the two, as the assassin. My desire to see the assassin brought to justice was usurped by the ignoble impulse that the murderer should go unpunished. Yes, gentlemen, I regret to confess it, anxiety of self had branded me as a coward. The autopsy revealed nothing. In such cases the stomach is removed and sent to the public analyst for a chemical examination of its contents.

"Legroux and I met again in the laboratory of the chemist. The latter opened the stomach only partially, and emptied its contents into a small vessel. He would announce the result of his examination on the following day. To my query, whether I could take the stomach, he answered in the affirmative, and wrapping the organ in a piece of cloth, I left the laboratory with the package in my pocket. I returned to my room, I gave no thought to Legroux. The last words of Baillon, 'Murder, look in the stomach,' left their impression on my mind. With feverish anxiety, I laid open the stomach with a bistoury. It contained nothing. I was prepared to cast the stomach away, when something unusual hidden in the folds of the stomach attracted my attention. I seized it eagerly. It was a small roll of paper. Instinct, it must have been that, which prompted me to look around, and there standing behind my chair was Legroux. His face was contorted and presented a deathly pallor.

"That face haunts me still. It has haunted me for fifteen years; awake or asleep, that vision has never escaped me. In a moment I felt the grasp of his hand about my throat; you see the mark on my throat still, they will never be effaced. That was all I remember. When I regained consciousness, the sun was streaming into my room. There by my side on the floor lay Legroux, his left hand tightly clutching something.

"With difficulty I opened his hand and removed the roll of paper which I had extracted the previous night from the stomach of Baillon. Legroux was lying in a pool of blood. He was not dead, for I could hear him breathe. The explanation of his presence and the blood was not difficult. The bistoury which I had used in opening Baillon's stomach was yet in my hand when he attempted to strangle me. It must have entered his jugular vein, for the wound on his neck corresponded to the anatomic position of that vessel.

"With great difficulty I reached the street, eager to escape

from the scene of so much misery. My first thought was to learn what the roll of paper contained. I entered a café, where I selected a private room. Nervously I unfolded the roll of paper, and on it was written in the handwriting of Baillon which was unmistakable:

"Jean Legroux,
Dec. 4, 1882"

"Baillon had thus revealed his murderer—Jean Legroux. This paper was the only evidence I had of my innocence. At that time I did not think of employing it against the assassin. I thought then only of a place of concealment. That place my

Legroux, the strangler.

friend, Dr. Finn, has, under my guidance, found this evening. It was too large as one piece to be deposited under the skin, so I cut it in half, and after wrapping each piece in an impervious covering, made incisions in either forearm, directing a fellow student to sew the wounds thus made. I left Paris that very day, after learning from the chemist that the results of the analysis were negative. From Paris I went to Heidelberg, where I took a course in surgery under that celebrated master, Czerny.

"One evening when I was returning from a *kneipe* in the celebrated university town, I was passing through a little alley leading from the *Hauptstrasse* to the *Anlage,* where I resided, when I felt somebody clutch at my throat. That clutch was unmistakable. Legroux still lived. With rare presence of mind, I

seized my pistol from a convenient pocket, and leveling at the head of my enemy, threatened to shoot him.

"He relinquished his grasp, and falling on his knees, coward that he was, begged me to spare his life. I knew that he would haunt me as long as he lived. It was his life or mine. I would have, if only for the sake of my future peace of mind, killed the cowardly cur on the spot, but the thought of my mother in her distant home, came to me like a vision, and I suffered the wretch to depart.

"Soon after, I got the instrument-maker Wolte, in Heidelberg, to make me a guard for my neck and forearms, which you have seen this evening, for I knew not how soon the assassin would assail me. My life was in my neck, my honor concealed in my forearms. Soon after the occurrence in Heidelberg, I returned to San Francisco. Everywhere I went the vision of Legroux was before me. When I did not see him in reality I saw him in my disordered imagination. Of late he has been more persistent than ever in tormenting me. He has even levied blackmail. He has threatened by a letter, received only a week ago, that unless I gave him a thousand dollars, he would encompass my destruction, either by death or disgrace, within a month. Of course, I did not reply to his communication. On the contrary, I was resolved that if Legroux ever attempted my life again I would shoot him down like a dog, whatever the consequences might be.

"This evening as I was returning from the house of my patients, I felt the same old clutch about my throat. Fortunately his powerful grasp was impotent against the guard which I wore around my neck. I sought for my pistol, but before it could be used, Legroux had escaped."

When Dr. Williams had finished his narrative, the attendant announced a gentleman who wished to see Dr. Williams at once.

"Shall I get his name or card, sir?" said the attendant.

"No, Pierre, that is unnecessary. Show him up."

In a few minutes the door opened, and a dark-complexioned individual of slender figure entered the room.

"My God, gentlemen!" exclaimed Williams, "it is Legroux, the murderer of Edmond Baillon."

"Not I, but you," said Legroux, bowing politely, "are the murderer of Baillon. You will pardon me, gentlemen, for this intrusion, but I have come to enter a formal complaint against Dr. Horace Williams for the crime of murder committed in Paris on the 4th day of December, 1882."

"Jean Legroux, here is the paper written by Baillon, proving you to be his assassin," said Dr. Williams triumphantly.

"The paper," replied Legroux, losing his self-possession for the first time, "where is the paper?"

"Here," replied Williams, "in my hand is the roll swallowed by Baillon."

Legroux rushed at Williams like a wild animal, and tore the roll from his grasp, and placing it in his mouth, faced the colleagues of Dr. Williams, who had come to his assistance.

"Well, gentlemen, I defy you all; I have swallowed the roll. Williams, where is your proof now?"

Suddenly Legroux was observed to stagger, and he fell dead at the feet of Dr. Williams.

An autopsy on the following day revealed the presence of the roll of paper in the stomach of Legroux in a position, as remarked by Dr. Williams, similar to that when found in the stomach of Baillon.

No poison could be detected in the stomach contents. An examination of the roll of paper under the microscope demonstrated the presence of crystals. These crystals eluded chemical analysis, but a solution made with the crystals when injected under the skin of a large dog, encompassed the death of that animal in a few seconds.

The chemist assured us that such powerful drugs of an alkaloidal nature could retain their toxicity for years.

"You are a lucky dog, Williams," said Dr. Hill after the completion of the autopsy on the body of Legroux. "The poison held by the rolls of paper swallowed by Legroux was derived from the stomach of poor Baillon, and it was the poison given to Baillon with murderous intent which encompassed the death of Legroux. If you had not enveloped the rolls of paper in an impermeable covering before placing them under your skin, you would long ago have been numbered among the unnumbered dead."

CHAPTER VII

THE IMAGERY OF LOVE

THE professor of Paleontology was sitting in his library engaged in writing a novel. He did so for his diversion. He was eminently practical and declaimed against the sentimental

trash which romanticists handed out by the ton load.

His novel was to be modern and real. Before him on his writing table, was a passage from a modern novel which ran as follows:

"Adolphus hesitated before he took the hand of Rosemonde, when the latter heaved a gentle sigh. This was the signal for action. Slowly disengaging his hand from the divine creature, he allowed his arms to encircle her supple form, placing her head upon his manly bosom, he allowed it to oscillate in measured unison with the rhythmic action of his heart. Then both sighed and uttered sweet inanities to each other."

"Such rot," soliloquized the professor. "Here are two creatures, Adolphus and Rosemonde, who would be known in real life as Jack and Mary. This Jack called on Mary and hesitates before he takes her hand.

"In matters of the affection," mused the professor, " 'he who hesitates is lost.' No man of rational instincts would have hesitated for a moment. Then the romanticist allows a gentle sigh to escape the divine Rosamonde. He is extremely obliging even to permit that much. The Jack of fact, unlike the Adolphus of fiction, would have compressed Mary with such vehemence that she wouldn't have a chance to sigh, and then, to gently remind her that he loved her, would have fractured a couple of her ribs."

Then the professor transcribed, in the language of reality, the remainder of the passage. "Seizing Mary's head, he thumped it against the upper part of his thorax, between the third and fifth ribs on the left side. There he allowed it to remain until he was able to get enough air to oxygenate his blood. Having effected this object with trained intelligence, he allowed Mary's head to thump in accord with his cardiac contractions and diaphragmatic movements. Then they both breathed and ate caramels." When Professor Fulter had written the foregoing lines, he contemplated himself in the looking-glass with the greatest satisfaction, proud of the fact that he would at last attain eminence in the realms of literature by his *fin de siecle* novel. He would have resumed writing had it not been for a gentle knock at the door. A creature resembling a man entered. His body protruded forward at an uncomfortable angle and he carried his arms akimbo. What looked like a cuff was wrapped around his neck and his body was swathed in garments of the latest fashion.

In a word, the creature was a dude. In an effeminate voice he recited his tale of love for the professor's daughter, Urania. He had come hoping to be allowed to ask for Urania's hand.

"Certainly," interrupted Professor Fulter, "you may be permitted to ask for anything, but may I ask why you only want one hand and what you intend doing with it? You have been reading too many novels, Awkins, and your whole organism is tainted by them. If you loved my daughter in the real way, you would have told me so, but come, I must not be harsh with you; I appreciate your embarrassment, and beneath your grotesque appearance there may lurk something of real value. Awkins, I believe your name is Clarendon Montague Awkins," proceeded the professor, "have you ever read my work on heredity?"

Before Awkins could answer the professor resumed: "I don't suppose you have, Awkins; I don't suppose you have; cigarette smoking and trying to wear your monocle occupy too much of your time. On the first page of that book you will find a quotation from Voltaire. Very practical man, that Voltaire. He says, 'If as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of everyone would be written on his face and displayed in his manners.' Awkins, judging from your appearance, heredity has played the very devil with you. You are not a very agreeable looking man, and I would contemplate your progeny with horror to think they would call me grandfather. You will observe, Awkins, that I am candid. I express my convictions as I feel them. I am not permitted to do otherwise, according to the rules of the 'Society for the Suppression of Prevarication,' of which I am an honored member. Perhaps you suffer innocently, Awkins, for the faults of your forefathers—mind you, I said forefathers; I spell the word F-O-R-E. Perhaps they have eaten sour grapes and they have put your teeth on edge."

"Permit me, professor," interrupted Awkins, "I haven't come here for a 'leckchar' on heredity."

"I know you haven't, Awkins; but if you want me to recognize your proposal, you will have to conform with certain stipulated regulations. You love my daughter. So do I. My love concerns my daughter's future happiness. Your love concerns your present passion. In the first place, Awkins, I know my daughter loves you. She has confided this fact to me many times. I will exact from you only that much which you may

exact from me. You must visit our family physician. He will inquire into your family antecedent and personal history. He will submit you to a thorough physical examination. Remember, Awkins, I am not asking too much. My daughter will be sent to any reputable physician whom you may elect. The safeguard I am taking concerns both of you. Your progeny will receive health as a heritage, the most sublime gift which parents can bequeath to their children. If the examination is satisfactory, you must submit to a correction of your physical deformity. One of the great laws of heredity in atavism, or a reversion to the type of some distant progenitor. You will pardon me, Awkins, but your type is pronouncedly suggestive; your type can only be found in large cities and menageries. Remember, Awkins, I refrain from being harsh. I only speak my convictions. If you are willing to submit to my proposition, I will at once address a note to my family physician."

Awkins assenting, Professor Fulter wrote a letter, and handing it to his visitor saw him to the door. A few days later, Awkins returned with the following note from the physician:

> *My dear Professor:* In conformity with your request, I have carefully examined Mr. Clarendon Montague Awkins, and find him from the standpoint of physical health eminently fitted to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. I ascribe his awkwardness of posture and moral obliquities not to any atavistic tendency, but to the vicious habit of acquisition. The peculiar attitude of his body can only be rectified in one way, and that is by placing his body in splints for a period of time varying from one to six months. I believe this will straighten him. His moral obliquities can only be reached by hypnotism, and to carry out the suggestive effects of the latter, I have recommended him to visit the eminent psychologist, Dr. Fauel. I am, sir,
>
> Your obedient servant,
> JAMES W. BIBB, M.D.

"You have heard what Dr. Bibb has written," said the professor; "are you prepared to remain in splints for that period of time and to submit to the suggestive treatment of Dr. Fauel?"

"I am prepared to do anything," replied Awkins, "with one proviso, and that is, that the splints will be well padded with cotton, for it would be deucedly awkward, don't you know, not to say inconvenient, professor, to lie against rough boards for any length of time."

The professor complimented Awkins on his voluntary spirit of immolation, and calling his daughter Urania, bade her take a farewell of Clarendon Montague Awkins.

Dr. Fauel was a bachelor. Love had never entered his organism. The study of science is only too often the antidote of love. But Dr. Fauel saw Urania Fulter. Instinct is stronger than reason and how could any insignificant human being thwart a force which nature in her wondrous achievements has elected to be the paragon of all forces?

Hypnotism by onion.

Dr. Fauel recognized professional honor as much as any man could possibly do under the circumstances. He was a physician, but he was human. He sought to correct the moral obliquities of Clarendon Awkins by suggestion, and he was on the road to success. One day when Urania Fulter was visiting Awkins, Dr. Fauel engaged her in conversation. She desired to know whether his suggestions would be of permanent benefit in the case of Mr. Awkins and whether he had really hypnotized him.

Dr. Fauel, seizing the opportunity, removed from his cabinet a small body which looked suspiciously like a dried onion, which in reality it was. "You see, Miss Fulter, it was with this body that I succeeded in hypnotizing Mr. Awkins. It is a rare talis-

man which was employed by an extinct race in Africa to induce sleep. The legend associated with this body is that anyone who would contemplate it steadfastly for a few minutes would be seized with an uncontrollable tendency to go to sleep; that sleep would ensue; that when the individual awoke, the person whom they had last seen would awaken a feeling of inextinguishable love."

Dr. Fauel had accomplished his object. No one could impugn his professional motives. He had merely improvised a legend for the occasion with a desiccated onion, and it was the onion, not her, which had inspired the love of Urania Fulter for Dr. Fauel.

"Perhaps you would like to examine this rare object more closely," said Dr. Fauel. Miss Fulter, answering in the affirmative, the doctor handed the object to her. "You already have the tendency to go to sleep, Miss Fulter. Your eyelids are beginning to droop, the object is becoming indistinct, you can no longer hear my voice, your eyelids are closed; you cannot open them. You are asleep. Sleep. You do not love Mr. Awkins. You love Dr. Fauel, you love him dearly. Your love for him will never become extinguished. When I count three you will awake. One-two-three," counted Dr. Fauel, slowly.

No sooner was the number three uttered when Urania awoke. She rubbed her eyes mechanically. She looked around in a bewildered sort of a way and then her glance falling on Dr. Fauel, she embraced him with fervor, telling him with the ardor of a lover that she never knew what it was to love before. Dr. Fauel was overjoyed with the success of his experiment. He accompanied Urania to her home. She wanted to tell her father in his presence how much she loved him, and that she would never wed another. Professor Fulter listened with imperturbable gravity to her recital of love for Dr. Fauel. It was many minutes before the professor essayed a reply. At last he said:

"Dr. Fauel, like myself, you are a man of science. Perhaps your sentiments coincide with mine in relation to that ephemeral attribute denominated love, viz., that it is a capricious prank of the imagination. Love, as I view it, is an acquired sentiment which requires cultivation before it can attain the dignity of a permanent affection. You are no longer young, Dr. Fauel, but your mind is mature. You are acquainted with my view on

heredity, and for the sake of the progeny who will honor me by calling me grandfather, I consent without parley to the union of two souls who will yield descendants endowed with mental vigor. By the way, Dr. Fauel, how about your patient, Mr. Awkins? How will he take the matter?"

Before Dr. Fauel could reply, the professor continued. "Before giving you my final blessing let us await the results of Mr. Awkins' treatment."

The time seemed interminable to the lovers before Mr. Awkins' recovery. He did recover, however, and soon after called on the professor. The professor received him with unusual cordiality. He was surprised at the marvelous change which had been undergone by Awkins. He complimented him profusely, and was glad that he had not given his final consent to the marriage of his daughter to Dr. Fauel. "Mr. Awkins," said the professor finally, "I am now happy to consent to the union of my daughter with so worthy a specimen of physical manhood. Mr. Awkins, my blessings as a happy father."

"Professor," said Mr. Awkins, "you will pardon me if I speak my convictions, especially so as I am now an honored member of 'The Society for the Suppression of Prevarication,' but the fact is, I regard love as a freak of the imagination. The constant use of cigarettes had so undermined my mental and physical health that I was no longer accountable for my acts. Now that I have fully recovered, thanks to your advanced views on heredity and the unsurpassed skill of Dr. Fauel, I have decided that love is a diseased state of the mind and matrimony its demonstration. I ask no release from my promise, for I have made none. I have merely come to thank you for your great kindness, which I shall never forget. Remember me kindly to your worthy daughter."

Having uttered these words, Mr. Awkins left the astounded professor. Attached to one of the handsomest gifts received by Mr. and Mrs. Fauel was a card bearing the name, "Mr. Clarendon Montague Awkins."

Mr. and Mrs. Fauel continued to live unhappily for the rest of their lives. Dr. Fauel has renounced hypnotism as a dangerous expedient. His latest work which has distinguished him in his profession is entitled, "The Mutual Conflict of Science and Love."

CHAPTER VIII

THE EUTHANASIA CLUB

SEATED before me was Ringgold Cooper, a chemist of New York. He was thirty-four years of age and a man of Herculean proportions.

"I have come," said he, "to consult you about a trivial matter. During the last week I have been suffering from tooth-ache-like pains in my legs, and beyond slight unsteadiness in walking, especially in the dark, I have never felt better in my life."

After a thorough examination of his case, I pronounced him to be suffering from *locomotor ataxia.*

"That is a disease of the spinal cord, is it not, doctor?" said he, stoically. "And the prognosis?"

"Unfavorable," I replied, hesitatingly.

"What will be the course of the disease? I want you to be candid with me, doctor, for I have no false conception of human life and its foibles."

"I will conceal nothing," said I in reply. "You will pass through three stages. The first stage will be marked by an exaggeration of the pains from which you now suffer. Perhaps in this stage you may lose your eyesight. In the second stage your muscles will no longer obey you; they will become intractable. You will in this stage require the aid of a cane, perhaps two canes, to aid you in locomotion. In the final stage you will lose the power of walking, and become bedridden or paralyzed, and then perhaps beneficent nature will dissipate your misery by afflicting you with some fatal disease, like pneumonia or tuberculosis, which will draw down the curtain on the tragedy of your life. Mind you, Mr. Cooper, the disease may remain in the first stage for an indefinite period of time, or it may remain stationary in the second stage for years, or even arrested."

"And the treatment?" interpolated Cooper.

"Is merely palliative," I replied.

"Which means, doctor, that you can only give me temporary remissions from pain. I am an optimist," said Cooper, laughingly. "Nature is indeed wise in her dispensations. Our club has delayed its inaugural ceremony, because no volunteer was ready."

"You are not a member of the suicide club, Mr. Cooper?" I ventured to ask.

"You mistake me, doctor, I am no *felo de se;* for while suicide is a criminal act, it is so because it is not sanctioned by the spirit of the times. I am a member of the Euthanasia Club. Not heard of it? Well, it is possible that you have not. You see, doctor, our club is a creation a little ahead of the times. We do not openly defy the laws of the state, so that, at present, there is some secrecy observed in conducting our meetings.

"Our estimate of life is computed from the standpoint of

"You are not a member of the suicide club?"

health. The Euthanasians believe in encompassing death pleasantly and humanely in the case of cripples and all those suffering from incurable diseases. You will agree with me," he proceeded, "that life in the concrete can be enjoyed with difficulty, but if to life is added the burdens of physical and mental ills, human life becomes a veritable farce. Of course, your verdict in my case is not final. The lethal committee, composed of three physicians, members of the club, must pass on the merits of my disease. If eligible, I will be allowed to take my final degree. I have sought for great distinction in my profession and have not yet attained it. Now," said he almost gleefully, "I will in history be distinguished for all time as the first member of the Euthanasia Club who has taken his third and final degree. You will hear

from me again, provided the lethal committee has pronounced favorably regarding my case."

Having paid me my fee, Mr. Cooper left my office. In one week I received the following communication from the Euthanasia Club:

"When time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!"

In the name of our beloved confrere

RINGGOLD COOPER

The Euthanasia Club sends you greeting, and invites your presence at the Valhalla of the Euthanasium, on Tuesday, January 3, 1898, at 12 M., when the transition of Ringgold Cooper to another and purer life will take place.

The departure of our confrere and friend is worthy of a cordial valediction.

"Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more."

At the appointed time, dressed in sombre black, as if in anticipation of the gloom which awaited me, I arrived at the Euthanasium. I was received at the door in response to my ring by an attendant dressed in gala attire, and ushered into the reception room.

In the latter room, Ringgold Cooper greeted me. He seemed flushed with excitement, such as one witnesses in those on whom honors are about to be thrust. Gathered about the room were a number of ladies and gentlemen of characteristic intellectual bearing.

There was nothing in their demeanor nor dress which suggested that which I had anticipated. On the contrary, all was suggestive of a dignified festivity. In a few minutes the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march could be heard, and at a given signal the march to the Valhalla began.

When we arrived at the Valhalla, I stood spell-bound before

the scene which greeted my senses. The soft music from some hidden recess continued, and the atmosphere was redolent with a perfume which lulled the excited mind to repose. The large hall was flanked by a peristyle made of alabaster columns, which contrasted pleasingly with the variegated tessellated flooring; a soft light modified by colored glass illumined the hall. Rare exotic plants were distributed about, and an artistic fountain in operation in the center of the hall added to the architectural beauty of this splendor.

Suddenly the music ceased, and for some time we were entertained at a banquet. Ringgold Cooper occupied the seat of honor. After reflection, the president arose. In a few choice words uttered in an unmodified conversational voice, he outlined the belief of the Euthanasians.

It was a belief fully in accord with science, not stationary as was the conventional religions, but progressive and capable of modification as science advanced.

Quoting the philosopher's ancient maxim, "that nothing was in the mind which was not before in the senses," he dilated on the quotation in its application to the tenets of the Euthanasians.

"We do not believe," he continued, "that the human mind is capable of appreciating more than has been conveyed to it through senses. In this conception of the limitations of the human intellect, we are satisfied. My friends," said he in conclusion, "I will place on the head of Ringgold Cooper a crown of laurel, the symbol of immortality."

Again the soft strains of music were heard. Rising from his seat and raising his glass on high stood Ringgold Cooper, noble in his bearing, mighty in courage and Herculean in his strength. In a distinct voice he spoke as follows:

"My worthy confreres and friends: The consummation of my dreams has at last assumed reality. As I stand on the threshold between this and another life prepared to take the final degree which the Euthanasians in their wisdom have seen proper to bestow on me, the rapturous delights of my departure appeal to my consideration for you in the act of separation, but separation, we have been taught by the tenets of our belief, is only a journey to another life, a journey during which there is no consciousness, but a sleep, to quote our illustrious master, Socrates, 'like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams.'

"May you, my confreres and friends, begin your journey as

pleasantly as I, and with this decoction do I pledge my faith in what I have uttered."

Placing the glass to his lips, he drank the contents and resumed his seat.

Only distant voices were now heard singing in ecstatic delight the words of the Thanatopsis. The guests in unison concluded the chorus:

> "Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed,
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Ringgold Cooper looked like one exalted to eternal happiness, and lest we should disturb his sleep we quietly left the Valhalla.

CHAPTER IX

A STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADOW

To him who doubts that affection is ofttimes inspired by some physical deformity, hearken to the brief narrative that is here recited of Dr. Horace Duff.

The doctor had married. He had no business to marry. A physician devoted to his work cannot worship at two shrines. Eros will not be sacrificed for Esculapius. Was it not Michael Angelo who said of art, "Art is a jealous god, it requires the whole and entire man"?

Mrs. Duff was Kitty McFarland, one of the belles of society. She was beautiful. The society columns of the daily press had so pictured her at a dollar a line.

The fact was, she was not beautiful. Dr. Duff had admired a little tumor on the end of her nose, which almost amounted to a deformity.

Dr. Duff was a tumor specialist. He saw in the little tumor perched at the tip of his wife's nose something divinely beautiful. The average man would not have admired it. It requires an artist to recognize art, and tumor specialists are not exempt in esthetic extravagances. Other men have developed a fancy for women with deformities.

Dr. Duff's devotion to his wife was idolatrous. Unfortunately, he gave her only a very small part of his time, which proved disastrous. Love is a mutual, not an individual, feeling.

They were not married many months before rumor connected her name with an insignificant fop, Algernon Gray. Algernon Gray was simply making conquests. He was an amative egotist bent on making a numerical estimate of his triumphs.

"My dear," said Mrs. Duff one evening, after her husband had returned from a busy day's work, "I want you to remove this unsightly tumor from the end of my nose."

"Why, my love," replied Dr. Duff, "that to me is the most beautiful part of you."

"I know you admire it, dearest, but others do not." She was thinking just then of Algernon Gray and his unkind reference to the tumor that very evening.

"We will speak no more about the tumor," said Dr. Duff, "and, besides that, all wives should appear beautiful only in the eyes of their husbands."

Mrs. Duff was a woman of caprices. She enjoyed her liaison with Algernon. At last rumor reached Dr. Duff. He scouted the idea that Mrs. Duff should show any admiration for Algernon Gray. He realized only too well that with some people love is not a matter of sentiment, but invoked by some physical condition which appeals only in the eye or some other sense.

Mrs. Duff had frequently confided to him that she loved blondes, although he himself was a decided brunette. That day Dr. Duff questioned his wife about the truth of the rumor, which was in the possession of everyone. She did not deny her admiration, nay more, her love, for Algernon Gray.

Dr. Duff was in a quandary. He did not rave and storm after the conventional manner of romanticists, but he deliberated with all the seriousness of a scientist. He at last formulated a resolution, which was to the effect that Algernon Gray should become his patient.

Nothing was easier. A few days later, Dr. Duff met Algernon on the street. "Algernon," said Dr. Duff, "you are not looking well."

"Not looking well?" replied Algernon. "I never felt better in my life," and he thumped himself significantly in the ribs.

"That may all be true," said Dr. Duff, "but you know, Algernon, that physicians can see more than one feels. I have been observing your eye, and I note that there is a slight gerontoxon,

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which in time will develop into a serious complication. By taking this in time, one can prevent complications, and there is no time like the present."

Dr. Duff admired his own diplomacy. He saw with delight that his advice was not without effect, and that Algernon Gray had turned a deathly hue, and would have fainted were it not for the timely use of a few drops of amyl nitrite, which Dr. Duff had judiciously provided for the occasion.

Algernon Gray submitted. He wanted to be cured. Dr. Duff directed Algernon to enter his private hospital. The treatment would not consume more than a few weeks' time.

"Have you seen Algernon Gray lately?" said Dr. Duff to his wife, gleefully, as they were seated before the fireside of their happy home.

"Not lately," replied Mrs. Duff, with a sigh.

"Well, Algernon is sick in the hospital, and will soon be out."

Algernon soon left the hospital, thanks to the treatment of Dr. Duff's drugs. But there was a change in Algernon. His beautiful complexion had undergone a decided change. A grayish discoloration now appeared.

Algernon, with alarm, called Dr. Duff's attention to this change.

Dr. Duff advised Algernon to take sun baths, which only intensified the coloration, until in a little time Algernon Gray was no longer a blond, but a pronounced brunette.

Dr. Duff had accomplished his revenge. It was evident to everyone that Mrs. Duff no longer cared for Algernon Gray, in fact she loathed him, as she did every brunette.

Algernon Gray was no longer seen about town. His suspicions were suddenly aroused, and he suspected the malevolent designs of Dr. Duff, but was not sure.

Gossip said that Algernon went abroad to consult Prof. Lemkauf, the celebrated Hamburg dermatologist, and such was really the case, as was revealed in a letter from Algernon to one of his friends.

The letter said that the famous skin physician pronounced his case one of *argyrosis*. That it was due to the long continued use of nitrate of silver. That the latter became deposited in the skin, and became gray or black on exposure to the light. That the solar rays were more powerful in effecting this chemical change. Prof. Lemkauf, so the letter went on to say, "was experimenting with a chemical which would enter into combination

with the silver deposits in the skin, and thus remove the discoloration."

The physician was positive that he would restore Algernon's complexion. Thus did Algernon learn of Dr. Duff's perfidy.

He would storm the citadel of Mrs. Duff's love, not a difficult task, and thus wreak his vengeance on Dr. Duff.

Dr. Duff, hearing of Algernon's vengeance and recognizing his own frailty, and fearing lest he should lose the object of his devotion, the tumor on Mrs. Duff's nose, and with it Mrs. Duff, if Algernon should ever be metamorphosed to his original self, determined on immediate action.

He would go to Hamburg himself and consult the eminent dermatologist. So he rapturously kissed the tumor which adorned Mrs. Duff's nose and bade his wife good-bye. He would return in a few months a new man; one whom she would love as earnestly as he did her tumor.

He arrived in Hamburg and immediately consulted Prof. Lemkauf. The latter informed him that the conversion of a dark type into a blond belonged to the elements of dermatology. Nothing was easier. A dozen baths in a solution of peroxide of hydrogen, prepared after the formula of the professor and known only to himself, effected the work so rapidly that in three weeks Dr. Duff was not only a blond, but outclassed Algernon Gray in the intensity of his etiolation.

He would now return to the object of his adoration, certain that Mrs. Duff would concentrate her affections on him only.

He had sufficient forethought to take with him on his journey a few barrels of the peroxide solution made after the formula of Prof. Lemkauf.

During Dr. Duff's absence in Europe, Mrs. Duff was not idle. Another blond had inspired her admiration.

To please the latter, she had Dr. Maxwell, a prominent surgeon, remove the objectionable tumor from her nose. While she was recovering from the effects of the operation, her husband returned unexpectedly. She was astounded at his metamorphosis. She embraced him with an affection she never felt before.

"Why, dearest, you are the most distinguished looking blond I ever saw. Why, you seem displeased, and I worship you so fervently; what is the matter?"

"Where is the tumor?" responded Dr. Duff, petulantly.

"The tumor," replied his wife, falteringly, "the tumor, why, Dr. Maxwell has it."

"Where is Dr. Maxwell?" thundered Dr. Duff, impatiently.

"I will call him, dearest; please don't be cross."

His wife soon returned with Dr. Maxwell, the latter bearing the tumor in a bottle.

"Dr. Maxwell," said Dr. Duff seriously, addressing his colleague, "I want you to graft that tumor on my wife's nose, if my wife is willing."

"Willing, I should think I was, dearest; you know you once told me," and she embraced her husband affectionately, "that a wife should only appear beautiful in the eyes of her husband."

The tumor was restored to its place of dignity and peace, and happiness reigned in the family of Dr. Duff. But, alas! only for a little time.

For some time Mrs. Duff noticed with alarm that the doctor was gradually turning dark again.

Dr. Duff congratulated himself on his forethought; he would immerse himself in the solution which he had brought from Europe. He had carefully locked the solution in a large safe which he had brought for the occasion.

What was his dismay, on opening the safe, to find that the solutions were no longer there? Surely the solution could not have evaporated.

He called his wife hurriedly to his side and complained bitterly of his great misfortune.

"Why, my dear, you can write to Prof. Lemkauf and have him send you some more of the solution."

"Unfortunate me," cried Dr. Duff in despair. "Prof. Lemkauf is dead, and his formula has perished with him. Who has opened this safe, wife?" said Dr. Duff desperately.

Mrs. Duff confessed that a month after Dr. Duff's return from Europe, Algernon Gray encountered Mrs. Duff on the street. He had entreated her to elope with him. He loved her fondly, but she was obdurate to his protestations of love. She remembered that a few weeks later a man came to the house and said that he had been sent by Dr. Duff to repair the safe; she believed him, and while occupied in the prosecution of the work she had left the house.

"I sent no one to repair the safe," said Dr. Duff, whose suspicions were now thoroughly aroused. "I know who the miscreant was—it was Algernon Gray."

Algernon Gray was really the cause of Dr. Duff's lamenta-

tions, for there on the inner door of the safe were the words written with a stick of nitrate of silver:

"Revenge is saccharine."

"ALGERNON GRAY."

Peace no longer reigned in the house of Dr. Duff. The latter had become himself again. Mrs. Duff eloped with a blond youth of nineteen summers, and Dr. Duff married an old woman who had come to him for the treatment of an enchondroma growing from the upper jaw.

Dr. Duff treated the tumor successfully by leaving it alone. He married his patient and gives ecstatic admiration to the tumor which adorns his wife's jaw and interferes with its motion.

CHAPTER X

A MARTYR TO HIS PROFESSION

AT midnight, a messenger from my greatly beloved colleague, Dr. Wilton, informed me that he was dying and desired to see me at once. I lost no time in arriving at his bedside. Grim Death, accompanied by the Angel of Mercy, had preceded me in my visit, for the face of my dear friend already bore the physiognomy of impending dissolution, which benign Mercy had mollified by the tenderness of her presence.

Mercy could afford to pay this modest tribute to one so good and pure as Dr. Wilton. No man was better fitted than I to estimate his real services to the poor, for not only was he their physician, but he was also their friend; he made merry with them in their pleasures and grieved with them in their sorrows.

Whatever he acquired in his profession was distributed among the poor, for he reserved nothing for himself. The arena of his good deeds was a mere hovel, and his only audience were the poor unfortunates of the lowly homes.

He possessed that which even kings might envy if they could only realize the value of its possession; it was a noble gift—the most sublime which God could confer on mortal man. It was conscience.

Upon Dr. Wilton God had bestowed the divine benison, and he was most worthy of its possession; he was the real prophet among the people. If kindness of action need nominal recognition, Dr. Wilton was a practical Christian.

No biographer could more fitly give expression to the occurrences of the history of his life than in using the humble, though sublime, word, sacrifice.

Sacrifice conveys little meaning to those who have not needed its service, but to those who have enjoyed its beneficence no word is more cogent in its import.

The picture of Dr. Wilton can be multiplied a hundredfold; its replica can be found in any city if one will only seek for the hard-working, conscientious physician whose field of labor is among the poor.

"I am dying," began Dr. Wilton, as he extended his hand in

"The face of my friend bore signs of impending dissolution."

recognition of my arrival. His voice was husky, but unfaltering. "I do not fear death," he said; "I greet it as a happy release from life. To no religion do I owe allegiance, therefore the torments of the hereafter for the unbeliever, as expounded by certain theologians, do not exist for me. I have sent for you, my trusted friend, because I must account to my conscience before I pass over to the silent majority. I must be brief in my narrative.

"One week ago, the widow McCabe's son, Johnny, contracted diphtheria; for two days and nights I never left his bedside. The deposits in his throat were extending to his larynx. Suffocation seemed imminent unless tracheotomy was performed.

"The operation was successful, and my patient could breathe freely through the tube, which was inserted in his windpipe. Knowing that his breathing was unobstructed, I was constrained

to visit a poor patient who had already sent for me on the previous day; I was gone longer than I expected, and when I returned to the McCabe hovel I found my patient, to my utter dismay, in the throes of suffocation. The tube in his windpipe had become obstructed by the false membrane, and every effort to clear the tube proved futile.

"Johnny McCabe has passed away, and his mother is deprived of her only support." Here Dr. Wilton's voice faltered, and I detected a tear coursing down his withered cheek, but he recovered himself in an instant and resumed, "I feel that I should not have left the bedside of Johnny. Perhaps, if I had remained with him, I might have averted the unfortunate ending. I have not demanded your presence to recite my misdoing. Mrs. McCabe is without money. When I am dead I want you to sell all my personal property; it is all I possess; it may bring fifty dollars; give the proceeds, whatever they may be, to Mrs. McCabe—it is very little. I want you to do me another favor, and I know I can trust you to respect my wishes. The Galen Medical College is in dire want of dissecting material; they are offering one hundred dollars for bodies. Dispose of my body to the college and turn over the amount to Mrs. McCabe."

I am an austere man, and little given to the frivolity of emotion, but who could restrain the feeling which dominated me? I confess it was a puerile act, but I did embrace Dr. Wilton—no, not Dr. Wilton, but his remains.

On the following day Mrs. McCabe told me how Dr. Wilton had contracted the disease which cost him his life. The tube in Johnny McCabe's throat was obstructed; no instrument was at hand to remove the obstruction; action to be of service must be immediate. Heroes never hesitate, nor do they consider consequences.

Dr. Wilton knew that it was suicidal to aspirate the tube with his mouth, but the life of a physician in the path of duty was only an abstract factor. This was how he contracted the disease.

I am a mere chronicler, and as a physician it ill becomes me to comment on the sublimity of an act worthy of apotheosis. Such triumphs of sublime heroism are many in my profession, and yet the hero returns "to the vile dust, from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonored and unsung."

CHAPTER XI

A PATENT MEDICINE

Mr. Stephen Dross, senior member of the drug firm of Dross, Stanton & Co., was busily engaged in looking over his balance sheet. Suddenly he tapped his forehead significantly, and, looking up, addressed the manager of his extensive business.

"Williams," said he, "trade is dull. We must do something to scare up things a bit. It was Talleyrand, wasn't it, who said, 'Society is divided into two classes—the fleecer and the fleeced'? Let me see," and again he thumped his cranium, "what is the prevailing disease, Williams?"

"Well, sir," responded Williams deferentially, "dyspepsia and, perhaps, nervous prostration, seem to have been taken pretty much into the confidence of the people lately."

"Let's say nervous prostration, Williams. Nervous prostration. Doctors don't seem to get to the bottom of nervous prostration, Williams."

"How can they?" replied Williams. "Nervous prostration is a pretty severe disease, and how can doctors cure a severe disease, when they haven't even gained mastery over the trifling ailments. Now, for instance," continued Williams, "I have had a corn, mind you, Mr. Dross, a simple corn, on this little toe of mine for well nigh on to five years, and it's still there, notwithstanding it's been under treatment for all this time."

"Yes, that's true," said the senior member. "I've been discharging bile into my intestine for the last twenty years, and I have taken every conceivable remedy, but the bile continues to flow. Suppose, Williams, we invent a patent medicine for nervous prostration."

"That seems to be a pretty good idea," answered the manager. "I will look up the chief symptoms of nervous prostration, and then I will go to Prof. Cerbrospinalis, the great nerve specialist, and get him to give me a prescription, and then we can patent the prescription."

"Let me see," said the practical senior member, "the cost of obtaining that prescription would be as follows:

Car fare	$0.10
Time consumed in seeing the specialist	3.00
Cost of consultation	5.00

"No, Williams, that will never do. Pay eight dollars and ten cents for a prescription to cure nervous prostration. No, sir. Decidedly, no, sir. It's not the medicine which is going to effect the cure; it's the testimonials which accompany the medicine. Haven't you ever noticed," proceeded Mr. Dross, "that the directions which accompany a patent medicine are extensive, and if the patients follow those directions they will be on the right road to recovery? You remember, Williams, that anti-fat remedy we got up to sell?" and here the manager chuckled gleefully. "Well, the remedy was water, colored with raspberry syrup and flavored with peppermint. The directions on the bottle were to take a teaspoonful three times a day after meals, and the meals—well, you know, every article of food was allowed the patient, excepting articles which would produce fat. Now, it's the same with our—well, let's call it *Chewine,* for almost everyone will bite. We will get young Dr. Trosse to write a list of measures for curing nervous prostration, and instruct our patrons that unless they carefully follow the instructions our peerless catholicon will have no opportunity to do good. Of course, our bottles and labels must be gotten up regardless of expense, and as for the medicine—well, that is only to sell, anyway—that must be made pleasant. And let me say right here, Williams, that this is where we get in on the doctor. What does he know about elegant pharmacy? He prescribes his nauseous medicines with the abandonment of a boarding-house proprietress who mixes her hash. If the physician knew anything about pharmacy, we would, to employ a vulgarism, be in the bouillon.

"Suppose we put new labels on our anti-fat medicine; we have a large lot of unused bottles on our hands, for the bicycle fad has played the very devil with the sale of the remedy."

"I think that would be a most excellent idea, Mr. Dross," replied the manager.

"There is another thing I forgot to add, Williams, and that was the question of testimonials. We must have an accomplished liar to give us a testimonial. You know, Williams, there are three grades of a liar: positive, prevaricator; comparative, liar, and superlative, writer of medical testimonials. If I were to comment further on this comparison, I would say that the testimonial is even more potent than the label, let alone the medicine, for that is entirely out of the question.

"Do you know a worthy liar, Williams? One who is past-master in his art and who enjoys some distinction as a physician?"

"Why, I know the very man for you," responded Williams with alacrity. "It is Dr. Wike; he is the very man."

"Why the very man, Williams?"

"This Dr. Wike is unprincipled. He will subscribe to anything, provided there is——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the senior member, "if there is enough money in it."

"He would do anything for money, Mr. Dross."

"Perhaps, Williams, he has found money will do anything for him. You go tomorrow and see Dr. Wike. We will get his testimonial, and then get the indorsement of the medical profession."

"I don't think Dr. Wike is regarded with favor by the pro-

"The Genie coming out of the bottle."

fession. He is an ignoramus, but for some unaccountable reason has enjoyed a large practice; however, I hear his practice is fast ebbing away, and dollars will prove seductive to him."

This was the conversation which led to the introduction of one of the most successful proprietary medicines of the times.

The next day Mr. Williams, the manager, was ushered into the presence of Dr. Wike. Mr. Williams briefly related the object of his visit. Dr. Wike was one of those slow, deliberate individuals, who, from force of habit, was constantly rubbing his hands. He coughed a few times, and then the supreme hypocrite bowed patronizingly, pulled down his vest and said nothing. At last he broke the monotony.

"My dear Mr. Williams, I could not think of traducing my noble profession for a sum less than two hundred dollars. Of

course, you understand," and then he coughed slightly, continuing to rub his hands, "that this amount would be for a mere testimonial only. Perhaps something like this:

> To The Chewine Chemical Company:
>
> *Gentlemen:*
>
> I have analyzed your peerless remedy, 'Chewine,' and find it to be composed of chemically pure ingredients so nicely blended that it conciliates the taste, improves the appetite, regulates the bowels, facilitates digestion, and conducts the sufferer by an easy route to absolute health.

"That is an excellent testimonial, Dr. Wike, but you have not yet seen our preparation, 'Chewine.' "

"That is entirely unnecessary," said Dr. Wike; "it is better that I should not see it, otherwise I might be prejudiced in writing the testimonial."

"You understand, doctor, our object is to introduce the remedy to the medical profession only. We want the endorsement of physicians."

"Ah, yes," and Dr. Wike coughed again and rubbed his hands. "In that case I can publish in some medical journal a list of cases in which the remedy has been tried and found useful. Such a contribution will cost you five hundred dollars."

"Well, doctor, if you will have ready such an article, say in two months, we will accede to your terms, and in the meanwhile I will send you a case of the medicine for trial."

"I hardly think that will be necessary, Mr. Williams. If you can fill this blank check for the amount, I can give you the contribution at once, which you can send to the medical journal."

Mr. Williams assenting to this proposition, Dr. Wike called his amanuensis and dictated his contribution, a synopsis of which is here appended:

"CHEWINE," A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR NERVOUS PROSTRATION—CLINICAL RECORD OF CASES TREATED

By Phineas Wike, M.D., T.Y., X.C.L.N.T., I.X.L., R.A.T.S., etc., etc.; Professor of Diseases of the Big Toe in "The Way Up Medical College"

I have used this excellent remedy in six hundred cases of nervous prostration with invariable success. The cases were all of a pronounced form and had resisted all ordinary remedies. Constant use of Chewine for over two years convinces me of its specific nature, which warrants me in formulating the following conclusions:

1. Chewine is a specific in all cases of nervous prostration.
2. It is easily assimilated and pleasant to look at and to take.
3. Its cost is moderate.
4. The ingredients have been carefully selected from foreign and expensive drugs.
5. It is composed by skilled chemists after years of patient and laborious research.
6. The manufacturers have refrained from publishing the formula, fearing lest the members of our noble profession would be imposed on by unscrupulous pretenders.

After Mr. Williams had carefully read the contribution and expressed his approval, he inquired of Dr. Wike how he thought the medical profession would receive the new remedy.

The physician answered that the members of the profession were mostly susceptibly credulous, and that they never suffered from dysphagia or difficult swallowing when it came to the acceptance of a new remedy. "The fact is," contended the physician, "the members of my profession are not desirous of burdening their minds with the remedies of the materia medica, and they delight in learning of something that will render their work easy. If a patient comes to them suffering from nervous prostration, they never think of prescribing for the patient, but for the disease. And if this were all, it would be well, but they

rarely even go to the trouble of examining the patient, but construct the diagnosis from what the patient tells them.

"There is one feature which I would suggest in getting up your labels. Have a lithograph made of one of the old masters in medicine, say, Hippocrates, for instance; that will help matters along wonderfully, but see that the artist idealizes the face. Give him *carte blanche* as long as he prints under the face the name Hippocrates. Use the Greek letters—they look better. If you attempt to resuscitate Hippocrates for label purposes, make him at least modern."

After thus delivering himself and pocketing the proffered check, Dr. Wike, still rubbing his hands, bowed his visitor out and rang the bell for the next patient.

One year elapsed since the visit of Williams to Dr. Wike. The sale of Chewine was enormous. Contributions from the medical profession all over the country confirmed its wonderful properties.

"Williams," said Mr. Dross, one day in the private office of the former, "the sale of Chewine is prodigious, and now that we have obtained the unqualified endorsement of the medical profession, we are justified in advertising it to the public at large. This will increase our sales tenfold. The medical profession may take offense at this stroke of business policy, but they cannot retract their endorsement, for their recommendation of Chewine to their patients has been well-nigh universal."

"Chewine" was rapidly hoisted into fame, and it became a household word in every family. Children recited poetry to the burden of Chewine. Valuable souvenirs were soon distributed to the greatest consumers of the remedy, and their photographs were published in the daily press.

The firm of Dross, Stanton & Co. became fabulously wealthy, but, alas! for success, the senior member, after chasing wealth lost health, and now he was compelled to chase health and neglect wealth. His ailment was nervous prostration. He had employed all the local physicians with no result. His vitality was becoming rapidly exhausted. In despair he visited New York to consult the eminent nerve specialist, Dr. Cerebrum.

Dr. Cerebrum was an expert on nervous prostration. He was himself a sufferer from the disease, brought about by too close attention to the duties of his profession. Dr. Cerebrum directed Mr. Dross to detail his symptoms, enjoining him at the same time to be brief. Mr. Dross, like all sufferers from ner-

vous prostration, was obnoxiously discoursive, and before he had gotten further than the depressed feeling, numbness, pressure in the head, weariness, loss of appetite, palpitation, etc., he was interrupted by Dr. Cerebrum, who referred him to his amputation clerk in the neighboring room.

"The amputation clerk," replied Dr. Cerebrum, in reply to Mr. Dross' interrogation, "is an assistant who cuts it short. You are suffering from nervous prostration, and you people are so painfully exact that I am forced to take morphine every time I listen to your narrative. For instance, you will tell me that you have fullness after eating, belching of wind, sourness in your throat, nausea, a feeling as if you wanted to vomit, no appetite, uneasy sensation in the region of your stomach, etc., etc., etc. My clerk hears your story and writes down dyspeptic symptoms. Thus he abbreviates all your symptoms, and the perusal of your ailments is rendered easy for me."

After a lapse of two hours, Mr. Dross was again brought into the consultation room of Dr. Cerebrum.

"From your symptoms," said the latter, "you are a sufferer from nervous prostration, and, by the way, I note you are from the West, and from a city where they manufacture the sovereign and infallible remedy, 'Chewine.' Have you ever tried the remedy?"

Mr. Dross replied in the negative, assuring the eminent specialist that he was the manufacturer of the medicine. This admission seemed to please Dr. Cerebrum immensely, and he laughed heartily. "Why don't you try the remedy?" suggested the celebrated specialist.

"I am a sufferer from nervous prostration myself, and I am anxious to try something which will do sufferers from this complaint some good."

Mr. Dross replied that he manufactured his remedy to sell only. Again Dr. Cerebrum gave vent to laughter; he thought earnestly for some time.

At last seizing his pen, he rapidly wrote a few lines which he sealed in an envelope, requesting Mr. Dross to present it at a neighboring drug store.

"If you will take six bottles of that medicine which I have prescribed for you," said Dr. Cerebrum as Mr. Dross was leaving, "it will restore you to perfect health."

One month later Mr. Dross called on Dr. Cerebrum. The latter was astounded at the marvelous change in his patient. Mr.

Dross had increased at least twenty-five pounds in weight and was a typical specimen of perfect physical manhood.

"Dr. Cerebrum, you have saved my life, and I tender you in payment for your services this signed check which you can fill for any amount which your noble nature and common sense may dictate."

Dr. Cerebrum allowed the latter impulse to predominate, and filled in the check for $5,000. "At the same time, doctor, I wish to present you with a dozen bottles of my specific for nervous prostration."

After the usual exchange of courtesies, Mr. Dross and Dr. Cerebrum took an ardent farewell from one another, Mr. Dross returning to his home to superintend the sale of Chewine. Not long after the departure of Mr. Dross, *The Weekly Cholagogue* contained an extended contribution from the eminent specialist, Dr. Cerebrum, entitled "Autobiography of Nervous Prostration."

The medical profession was dumbfounded to learn that such a conservative physician should advocate the use of a proprietary remedy. The article in question related in detail how Dr. Cerebrum, a sufferer from nervous prostration, was restored to health after taking only six bottles of Chewine.

To his colleague, Prof. Neuron, Dr. Cerebrum confided the fact that it was "Chewine" which he had administered to Mr. Dross, and it was to this remedy that the latter, as well as himself, was restored to perfect health.

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

CHAPTER XII

TWO DAYS IN SPAIN

TRAVEL is, in the abstract, a pleasurable pastime. A tedious ride in an uncomfortable railway carriage along the beautiful Riviera makes the latter supremely unbeautiful. The uneven roadbed of the railroad ridicules digestion, which even pepsin will not subdue. I arrived at Marseilles at 11 P. M. The train for Barcelona leaves one hour later.

The French officials talk boisterously with their arms and

shoulders. The locomotive whistles and shrieks spasmodically. People rush wildly hither and thither. All is confusion. I deposit the major part of my luggage with the baggage master, receiving in return a diminutive piece of paper about the size of a postage stamp. It is my receipt. I am in dread lest it should evaporate.

The French are evidently economical in employing words, even though written. *A Pourboire* to the railway official, after which act I am ushered into a compartment of the railway carriage which seems admirably adapted for the comfort of an asthmatic who enjoys a constrained sitting posture.

Opposite me is a Spanish beauty. My heart throbs convulsively. Your Spanish poet is right. Cristoval de Castillejo, you have struck a responsive chord in my thorax:

> "How dreary and lone
> The world would appear,
> If women were none!
> 'Twould be like a fair,
> With neither fun nor business there."

The train moves and I am directed toward sunny Spain. The train stops. The train stops again. It stops several times. Nothing to relieve the monotony but stops and the vacillating eyes of my Spanish beauty. She breathes. I scent it from afar. Garlic. As the odor from the bulbous perennial taints the atmosphere my beauty becomes correspondingly less beautiful. She is loathsome. Cristoval de Castillejo, your mendacity is appalling. Poetry, bah! It's a disorder of the imagination. It is as ephemeral and fictitious as marital bliss (I am not married, but some of my intimate friends are).

Traveling is delightful. My quondam Spanish beauty sleeps. She involuntarily raises her tiny right foot and plants it in the region of my stomach. Ye gods! have I not enough to endure with my stomach without her putting her foot into it?

She awakes. My relief is only momentary; she removes her foot, but only for a second. She falls asleep again. Once more I feel the imprint of that foot. It has grown to fully ten times its original size. Ten minutes more of agony. The train stops. That accursed train is forever stopping. The next time I travel toward Spain and I am in a hurry, I'll walk. She awakes. The foot this time has not cast its moorings. I will address her

and politely request her to cast my stomach adrift. I will try her in several languages.

"Do you speak French?" I said, in English. A negative shake of the head. "Do you speak English?" I resumed. Another shake of the head. "Perhaps you speak German?" I cried in despair, and then the monotonous negative head-shake. "Confound you," I said, "here I have addressed you in three different languages, and you can't speak any one of them. I'll try her in Spanish."

I had studied Spanish after the easy conversational method in anticipation of my visit to Spain. So here goes; and I hurled in perfect abandonment a medley of sonorous Spanish, suggestive of the removal of her foot. I paused for a reply. It came.

"Eggskuse me, sair," she said, "I can no speak ze Anglish." I felt flattered. The easy conversational method was bearing fruit. The train gave a sudden lurch, and then as if in agony it stopped. The Spanish frontier is reached. A Spanish official is uttering a command in a boisterous voice. I regard his Spanish as simply execrable. I can't understand a word he says. My companion has left the compartment; I follow and am ushered before a Spanish officer, who directs me to the disinfecting room. "Cholera in Marseilles," he says, laconically.

It is 2 A. M. and cold. There is a wealth of rain. What can one expect in monarchies but reigning sovereigns. Travel is a delightful pastime, but in the abstract. Ten minutes for disinfection. It must have been ten hours, if my feelings, and not the clock, had measured the time. I have crossed the Atlantic several times, sleeping at night in one of the so-called rooms on board of the steamer and imagined in consequence that I was immune to asphyxia. I am sure that the disinfection received at the Spanish frontier discounts asphyxia several times with plenty to spare.

The disinfection is over; that is, the process. The effects cling closer than a postage stamp to an envelope. Three minutes for refreshments, so I inhale a few whiffs of Spanish climate. Oh, I wish I were home!

The thought recurs numerous times, but perish the idea, for traveling in the abstract is a delightful pastime, even in Spain.

I am in the compartment of the railroad train again. My companion this time is a gentleman. He snores artistically. He gives vent to sounds clearly limited to the diatonic scale.

He wears spectacles. He wears them in his sleep. He must

like to see his dreams. My stomach is playing the devil with me. It has asserted its dignity already three times and seems bound to throw off the indignity heaped upon it—three sausages and a glass of French wine. I can hardly blame the stomach, so, I don't. The train moves. I am surprised. It has only stopped five times since leaving the station fifteen minutes ago. I have fully made up my mind that there is no place like home. I restrain the thought. Am I not realizing the anticipated dream of years? If I can only consume this tedium by reading, but the snoring of my *vis à vis* has already reached the pentatonic scale and I cannot even see to read. I wish he would wake up and speak to me. That fellow is beginning to snore louder than ever. It becomes positively insufferable. Decency forbids recording my thoughts at this moment. He is now awake. I am sure he is an Englishman, for he hasn't said a word, and, besides, he incommodes me by trying to occupy the entire compartment. I venture to ask him if he is rich. He replies in the affirmative. I question him regarding his annual income. He answers, "About ten thousand pounds annually. But, pray, why do you ask?" he questioned in a rising inflection.

"Because," I replied, "if I had your income and snored as badly as you, I would have an entire train." Silence is resumed. The train, to keep itself in condition, stops several times. I learn that it is the lightning express. What queer names they have for such trains in Spain!

Daylight is appearing. The train approaches Barcelona. The Catalonian peasants in holiday attire are in evidence. The lightning express must be an accommodation train, for it stops long enough to allow passengers to exchange greetings with their friends at the numerous stations. Barcelona is reached at last. I am transported to the hotel in a vehicle which looks like an inverted tomato. The vehicle plays dice with the passengers. It has thrown six. I am directed to a cheerful room on the top floor, which is very small. By walking I will be compelled to lose weight, for it is only an attenuated body that can occupy the room. While engaged in my ablutions the sound of trumpets is heard. I rush out into the street and learn that there is going to be a bull-fight. I want to see a bull-fight. The only kind I ever saw in America were fought according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. When you are in doubt follow the crowd. I wish I had done so. I see the building, "A Los Toros," in the distance. I leave the crowd and make a detour, hoping to reach

the amphitheater by a shorter route. I sink into a morass up to my knees. The day is beginning ominously. I am thinking hard in this soft ground. I am extricated with a sort of improvised derrick. I repair to a neighboring clothier and purchase a pair of epileptic trousers. I call them epileptic because they are a horrible fit. I am now quite content to take the beaten track.

I purchase a ticket and seat myself in the lower gallery in a front seat. I am seated among the rank and fashion of Spain. Rank, because their cigars are vile; fashion, because the customary garlic is in evidence everywhere. A band discourses music, but the musicians are courteous enough to atone for their presence by cutting it short.

The bull-fight has now commenced. The odor of garlic is less manifest. The excitement is so intense that the people hold their breath. My neighbor on my right faints from exhaustion. I presume he got tired from over-exertion in holding his breath. One would at least think so, judging from the muscularity of his breath. The gladiator, the matador and the pugilist are mere examples of evolution adapted to their environment, but the dominating incentive, cruelty, is always the same.

The spectators have canceled for the time being their relation to mercy. They are not present to witness a mere scientific contest. In a word, they want to see blood. No doubt there were hundreds in the audience at the amphitheater who were disappointed because the bull had not gored the picador to death.

I was sorry for the bull; he was having a hard time of it. The banderillero tries to affix the banderillas into the neck of the now infuriated animal, and he succeeds. The fight is getting interesting, but it is soon over. The bull is now mortally wounded. The puntillero now strikes the animal with a triangular dagger in the spinal cord to produce instant death.

Having killed the bull according to the rules of the game, the public now reward the matador by applause and by throwing their hats and cigars into the ring.

I admire the Spanish method of disposing of bad cigars. In our country, we adopt a more barbarous method, by giving them to our friends. While the various articles are being thrown into the arena, I thrust my head forward, when suddenly I feel a sensation of blood trickling down my face.

There is a big gash in my scalp. I must have been struck by a cigar. They smoke very heavy cigars in Spain. A policeman

attempts to arrest the hemorrhage, but in vain; the blood spurts from an artery. I proceed to leave the amphitheater to obtain the services of a surgeon. He stops the hemorrhage and bandages the wound. The bandage is very large, and I have a great load on my mind. I leave the amphitheater; a mendicant approaches and I give him a peseta.

Inspired by my extravagance, at least a dozen beggars solicit alms. One more importunate than the others thrusts his maimed and dirty hand in my face. I push him away and he falls. This is the signal for attack. About one hundred mendicants (at the time of the occurrence there were probably three, but distance lends exaggeration to the fact) surround me and attempt to do me personal injury. The fortunate presence of a gendarme protects me from their violence. The day is getting very portentous. I must escape from this chapter of accidents. I hail a passing vehicle and direct to be driven to my hotel at once. The conveyance lasts about one block and then a wheel comes off and the vehicle is overturned. I am compelled to crawl through the window. It was a very narrow escape in a double sense.

I am bursting with indignation; so are my epileptic trousers. The driver arbitrarily assesses the damage at one hundred pesetas. We compromise the matter and he accepts one peseta. I will trust the Spanish conveyance no longer. I will walk back to the hotel, notwithstanding the condition of my trousers.

At last I reached my hotel. I send for the clerk. "Are you sure," said I to the latter, "that the ceiling is secured, and will you please put a bulkhead alongside the chandelier, send up five fire escapes, turn off the gas, and, above all things, anchor the hotel? The fact is," said I, continuing, "that I am desperate and won't take any more chances."

Then I related to the dumbfounded clerk my mishaps of the day. I would like to leave Spain at once, but the clerks tells me that the lightning express will not leave until the following night. I am in a position to know something about their lightning express trains. So I inquire when the freight goes out, as I am in a hurry to get away. He replies that the freight train will also leave on the following night attached to the lightning express.

Before leaving Spain I want to indulge myself in a Spanish dinner. The meal is superb. It is the best German cooking I ever tasted. When I want a Spanish dinner again, I will go to Berlin, where, in a little restaurant off the Linden, I can get

an excellent meal. The next day is beautiful. I walk along the Rambla. I need a pair of shoes. The saleslady is the wife of the proprietor. She is beautiful. I haven't as yet detected the odor of garlic. I don't want to be disillusioned. I speak three hours in agreeable conversation. She spoke Spanish, of which I understood nothing, and I French, of which she comprehended quite as much, yet I understood her and she me. I purchased a pair of shoes, "at a reduction," she said. I didn't observe where the reduction came in, but it came in all right. As soon as I left the shop with my feet incased in the new shoes, the reduction became manifest, and it was rapid. I couldn't walk. I tried to remove the shoes in the usual way, but failed. I had to cut them off my feet. My feet were so badly swollen that I kept them swathed for the remainder of the day in bandages immersed in a solution of lead water.

I am glad to be on the train again. The incidents attending my departure from Spain are not worthy of record.

I got into an altercation with the conductor about the genuineness of my ticket; I was mistaken for a spy; a couple of my fellow-passengers engaged in a rough and tumble fight; an indulgent mother used me as a mattress for her darling son, who talked in his sleep; an hysterical woman insisted on fainting when she found that I had a flask of whiskey. The attacks ceased as soon as the succulency of the flask was no more.

Aside from these minor incidents, the return journey was enjoyable, which warrants my exordium that travel is, in the abstract, a pleasurable pastime.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PROFESSOR OF BACTERIOLOGY

THE Professor of Bacteriology or Science of Germs in "The Never Refuse Any One Medical College" was Dr. Horatius Big I.

He was so distinguished that he suffered the dignity of getting writers' cramp every time he wrote his name and suffixed his many degrees; in fact, this chirographical feat necessitated the employment of every letter of the alphabet. In consequence, one could say of him that he was not only a man of letters, but a man of the alphabet.

Oftentimes he would say to me that he was very proud of being able to add so many letters to his name, but his greatest lament was that there were not more letters in the English alphabet.

He was a man of such vast erudition that, unlike his successful competitor, Dr. Laparot, who carried his head in a sling, he had to give vent to his excessive brain matter by the operation of trepanation. This is, however, mere rumor, but judging by Dr. Big I's great business sagacity, it is not unlikely that it is true.

His clientele was the largest in the metropolis. His multicolored carriage and richly caparisoned horses were the envy of the medical profession.

Dr. Big I's fame was so great that he could afford to tell his rich patients that there was nothing the matter with them. He knew little of the current medical literature, fearing that a knowledge of medicine would prejudice him in the treatment of his patients.

He frequently cited an instance occurring in his early professional career in support of this belief. A child in his neighborhood got very sick. The parents sent for an eminent German physician. The latter proceeded to examine the child most thoroughly, beginning with the head and ending with the feet.

The examination consumed two days. The child became no better. The parents expostulated with the physician; he assured them that a diagnosis was imperative, and that the blood of the child demanded investigation.

At this time the impatient parents, in the absence of the regular attendant, called in Dr. Big I. The latter pronounced the case one of "stomach-ache," and without hesitation prescribed paregoric, and the child got well. This was the beginning of his successful career. Dr. Big I would often say, that in about one case in a hundred was science of avail in the treatment of patients, and he believed that it was not the disease, but the patient who demanded attention.

Physicians should pleasantly occupy the patient's mind to prevent it from interfering with the work of nature in the cure of their disease.

One day, in the height of Dr. Big I's fame, when his office was crowded with patients, many of whom were threatened with cure before they could consult the great man, a book-agent entered his waiting-room. The latter, in obedience to a tradition of

questionable origin, sought the consultation-room ahead of all the patients. The book-agent kindly consented to consume about twenty dollars of the physician's time in trying to sell him a work recently published and entitled:

THE SCIENCE OF BACTERIOLOGY

Now, Dr. Big I knew very little—in fact, nothing at all—about bacteriology. He had even lectured on the subject before the students of his college. To quote his own language, he was "remotely interested in bugs and would, therefore, purchase the book."

The book was conspicuously displayed in his elaborate bookcase for many months without being read. One day in a spirit of forgetfulness he consulted his extensive medical library. His eyes encountered the work on bacteriology. He read one page, and then he read another. He read a chapter. He forgot to respond to a call from a rich client who was very sick and who in the meanwhile got well. He read way into the early hours of the morning until he had finished the book, and then Dr. Horatius Big I was a changed man.

He read of the well-nigh universal distribution of bacteria or germs. He learned that they inhabited the water, the food we eat, and even luxuriated in the soil beneath our feet.

These ubiquitous germs were as plentiful as medical colleges, and with a pernicious tendency almost as intense. He learned how bacteria could abridge life, and by entering the human organism torture the host with all the viciousness of a successful surgeon trying to be gentle.

It was soon remarked by everyone that Dr. Big I always avoided the conventional salutation of hand-shaking. Heretofore he had always greeted even his most casual acquaintances most cordially. The fact was, he became a confirmed bacteriophobe. One of his friends took him to task for refusing to accept his hand. He made no immediate reply to this charge, but taking from his pocket a glass tube containing a liquid resembling beef tea, he gently scraped the hand of his friend with a little instrument, and at once introduced the latter into the contents of the tube.

"Now," said Dr. Big I, "this is the preliminary of an argument which I will demonstrate to you in three days, so please call at my office in that time."

Three days elapsed, and the friend presented himself. Dr. Big I removed from an oven-like apparatus the same glass tube of three days before. "You see this tube; the liquid which it contains is no longer clear," said the physician; "it is cloudy. I will put a single drop under the microscope—you observe that the single drop contains myriads of germs. Originally there were perhaps only a hundred of these germs on your hand, but they have multiplied many times by introducing them in a fluid suitable for their growth and propagation. If I had shaken your hand, I would have contaminated my own hand and perhaps infected myself, for, remember, that the germs which may be innocuous to you may be truly dangerous to me. * * *"

This crucial demonstration gained Dr. Big I a proselyte to bacteriophobia. When Dr. Big I visited his patients he always wore a mask over his nose and mouth to prevent, he said, the germs of disease from entering his lungs. He had always been an affectionate husband. Now all was changed. He greeted his wife no longer with the kiss which emphasized the poetry of love. When she remonstrated with him about his coolness, he replied that "deadly microbes lurked in the impracticable kiss. If we must, for the sake of conventionality suffer ourselves to indulge in the osculatory act, let it be with the mutual understanding that we use previously an antiseptic mouth wash."

His poor wife suffered this exaction, and nearly died from carbolic acid poisoning, because her husband had insisted on her using a solution almost pure.

This tribute of affection was in time done away with, because it required too much time to disinfect the mouth and time was now an important desideratum to Dr. Big I in his slavish devotion to the study of bacteriology.

When he retired at night he tainted the atmosphere of his room to such an extent with antiseptics that he was found in the morning, at least four times on different occasions, almost dead from asphyxiation. To prevent the germs of disease from contaminating his body, he wore a suit of absorbent cotton which he believed filtered the air and prevented the germs from reaching the body. He incased his feet in grotesque-looking shoes made of antiseptic gauze to prevent contamination from the soil.

His meals were of his own making. He employed sterilized dishes, which were previously washed in antiseptic solutions. If by accident, while at his meal his hands came in contact with an article of furniture, he would at once immerse them in a strong

solution of carbolic acid, which was always in readiness at his side. He would no longer examine his patients unless they consented during an examination to remain immersed in a bath of corrosive sublimate, or some other potent antiseptic solution.

It was but natural for many of his patients to resent this mode of treatment, and so it came to pass that in time Dr. Horatius Big I, the once distinguished Professor of Bacteriology, was without patients.

Owing to his fear that germs might contaminate his food, his nourishment became reduced to a minimum, and he became reduced to a skeleton. There is a skeleton in every household. He was his own family skeleton. The germ mania haunted him by night as well as day. He remained awake at night, lest the germ of insomnia should escape filtration through his filter and thus enter his lungs.

His condition became deplorable. The expostulations of his friends and family were without avail. He had graduated from bacteriophobia and had become a bacteriomaniac. The medical society of which he was a distinguished member appointed a committee (the chairman of which was Dr. Sartorius of the Antiseptic Club) to investigate his case.

In due time the committee waited on him. They presented argument after argument in proving the falsity of Dr. Big I's belief. Nearly all the germs, they argued, were absolutely harmless, and they even consented to swallow all the bacteria Dr. Big I had in his laboratory.

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Big I, "I appreciate the elegance of your diction and the cogency of your sophistry. Microbes lurk everywhere; they threaten us with destruction. I love my wife so dearly, that I dare not imperil her life or my own by the act of kissing. If I could be convinced that there were no diseased germs in the kiss, I would consent to dispense with all the appurtenances which I employ in combating the deadly microbe."

"If we could bring you proof," said the members of the committee in unison, "that no death ever results from a kiss, will you be convinced?"

"I will," replied Dr. Big I, "but you must bring me proof at once, or otherwise I will depart for some high Alpine altitude where my friend Prof. Jerome Harris tells me there are no germs in the atmosphere."

The committee consented to conduct their investigations in the presence of Dr. Big I in a large hall, engaged for the occasion.

The next day, the good inhabitants of the metropolis were astounded to read in the morning paper the following notice:

"A committee composed of three physicians has been appointed by the County Medical Society, to investigate the bacteriology of kissing. With this object in view all lady applicants of scientific proclivities must present themselves at the town hall this afternoon between the hours of two and four. Applicants between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four preferred."

That afternoon, long before the time appointed, the streets leading to the town hall were densely packed with women of all ages, ranging from ten to ninety years of age. In the motley group one could note, the demure miss, the mature old maid, mothers, grandmothers—in fact every species of woman known to man.

Never before in the history of the world, were devotees of science so clamorous for investigation. Within the town hall, the committee from the medical society was anxiously awaiting the hour, when the investigation should begin. Tubes containing bouillon for growing germs were supplied in abundance by Dr. Big I.

The mode of procedure agreed upon was as follows: Immediately after the execution of the osculatory act, the lips of the recipient were to be scraped with a small instrument, and the latter to be at once immersed in the culture tube. When the time for the scientific experiment had arrived, one hundred applicants were admitted into the hall. The murmurs of discontent from the frantic women on the outside reached the ears of the committee, but as true devotees of science, they concerned themselves only with the work before them. The hundred women were apportioned into three groups, the maiden, the old maids and the matrons.

Discord at once arose among the committee as to who should be assigned to the different groups. Lots were drawn, and by the usual perversity of fate the nonagenarian of the committee was assigned to the group of maidens, the sexagenarian member was assigned to the group of matrons, while the remaining member of the committee, Dr. Bullard, a young man, recognized as the Adonis of the profession, was assigned to the remaining group.

When the result was announced by Dr. Big I, the matrons and maidens filed indignantly out of the hall.

Science recognizes no sentiment. Dr. Bullard knew this, and he forthwith began his work. He had not finished more

than about a dozen of the group before Dr. Big I objected to the momentary duration of the kiss, it must be longer, otherwise no microbes could be transmitted.

With desperation akin to madness, Dr. Bullard proceeded with his labor. Before three of the group had been disposed of, Dr. Bullard was seen to grow deadly pale and fell heavily to the floor.

Dr. Big I seemed transported with joy. He saw that triumph was his, and that Dr. Bullard, even if he were not dead, was at least overcome with the severity of infection.

Thus ended the work of the committee appointed by the medical society, which was a disappointment to every one with the exception of Dr. Big I and the women who had been kissed by Dr. Bullard.

Dr. Big I returned to his home more than ever convinced of the correctness of his views. While he was making preparations to depart for some high Alpine altitude, there arrived in the city one of the leading alienists of the world.

The latter was summoned to the home of Dr. Big I, and after an examination of his head, announced that by the removal of a small center in the brain lying quite superficially, he could cure Dr. Big I; for beyond peradventure of a doubt, he was a mentally sick man.

This noted alienist said that the insanity from which Dr. Big I suffered was due to the too rapid growth of a certain brain center. If the growth were gradual and too much tension were not put on the delicate brain cells, a development would result, which would make the possessor a genius, but let the converse condition of things bear on the center, and the result was a lunatic.

Three days after the removal of the brain center, Dr. Big I asked for his wife, and when the latter entered the room, he pressed a fervent kiss on her lips, and thus broke down the barrier which had so long separated him from the rational world.

Dr. Big I rapidly acquired his former practice. He was now more than ever before fitted to practice medicine, for not only did he lose some of his brain matter, but he lost all knowledge of bacteriology, and thus having no knowledge to prevent disease the number of his patients increased, while those in the practice of other physicians who applied the doctrines of bacteriology, proportionately decreased.

Dr. Big I is happy, and so is Mrs. Big I, and while bac-

teriology has lost a patron, it has summoned to its threshold many healthy devotees who are building the fundament of the future state of medicine, The Prevention of Disease.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HYMENEANEUM

Among the most curious signs that ever attracted my attention was "The Hymeneaneum," and I hastened into the building where the latter was displayed to ascertain its significance. I was at once ushered into the presence of Dr. Augustus Plague, whom I recognized as an old college chum.

"What's the meaning of that sign?" I asked.

"Very simple," he said, "it is a sanitarium for the treatment of the diseased of matrimony. I am an hymenealist, that is, I specialize in diseases peculiar to marriage. Some years ago I was astounded at the ever increasing frequency of divorces and I seriously applied myself to the psychological study of the subject. The upshot of my investigation was, that mutual attraction was the dominant element in all happy marriages. Mind you I am not referring to the gross sensualism of the debauchée, but to the refined type that is the invariable accompaniment of civilization. Affection is, as you know, a mere instinct and, like many other instincts, it is soon relegated to oblivion unless regarded with circumspection. The sense of smell in many animals is more acute than in man. The Arabs of the Sahara Desert, it is alleged, can detect a fire a distance of thirty miles, but civilized man is gradually losing this important sense. Hearing is another degenerate sense and so is vision, for man having become estranged from communion with nature is unable to develop his long range of vision. The use of machinery is fast supplanting the muscles on which the whole life of man once depended.

"Remember," he proceeded enthusiastically, "that affection regarded concretely as a function is an exalted one. Take your average business man in his perennial money-chasing act who returns to his home with an exhausted nervous system and imagine if you will, the amount of affection he can lavish on his family. Why the poor fellow hasn't enough nerve-force to digest his food.

"By the way," went on Dr. Plague, as sounds were heard from

a neighboring room, "in that room are two patients, man and wife, who have just arrived. They were about to be divorced, but I suggested a rest-cure instead and I predict that like hundreds of other similar cases, rested nerves will restore their domestic harmony. Just listen for a few minutes to the battles of nerves!"

I heard the following domestic conference:

"Martha, I must be going crazy. The pains in my head are distracting. I can't think, I can't sleep and I'm always tired. My heart thumps, my stomach quivers and my liver is awry. You know that up to one year ago, I pooh-poohed the idea of having such things as organs and now I am convinced I have nothing else. These organs of mine play an inexhaustible repertoire of maladies. Death would be nothing but it is horrible not to live. Surely hell must be a place where immortality is conferred on nerves." The wife heeded not the wail of the nerves which grated on her unwilling ears.

"Percival," said that lady, when her husband had about concluded his threnody, "I am awfully tired of listening to your tale of woe. I have it for a steady diet, morning, noon and night and it's becoming positively tedious. Of course you know Mrs. Carrington who read that delightful paper before the 'Woman's Club' on 'The Disadvantages of Husbands.' Well! she told me that you must have the same attacks of imaginitis as her husband and it was impossible for either one of you to be sick, considering how well you both looked. She says that nerves only mean the inability to forget yourself, but unfortunately the person with nerves has an incredible memory. Mrs. Carrington is very, very clever, for she said that the surest way of becoming a centenarian was to get nerves when you are young and nurse them until your death. Let me see, Percival," the lady continued, "you are now only forty-five and you will still have fifty-five years to talk about yourself, which, you must excuse me for saying so, sounds just like a patent-medicine advertisement. I believe you have every disease known excepting cholera-infantum, and I suppose you would have that also if you were young enough. Mrs. Carrington told me of a new disease which a New York physician has just invented and, if I could only pronounce it, you would have that as well. It sounds something like a child with the whooping-cough. Only last night, Percival, we were to have gone to the charity ball with the Vanderlits, where I was so anxious to wear my Parisian gown, but it was the same old story. You came

home seedy, as usual, with your infernal fatigue and wanted to go to bed. Truly, Percival, your conception of heaven must be eternal rest—"

"And without a wife," interrupted her husband. "Marriages may be made in heaven but they don't export them to this country."

"And do you know why?" interposed his wife. "Because the husband's duty towards his helpmeet comes too high."

"Don't talk companionship to me," replied the other excitedly. "Your nerves are as insane as mine. You haven't enough energy for society and your affections. Affection is a creation of absolute nerve-health and it cannot be summoned at will by an exhausted nervous system."

"Your philosophy this morning is quite astounding," she replied, "and no doubt you have already found another woman without nerves, an affinity I believe they call her."

"I have not found her," he answered, "but this much is certain; I am going to look for her. I have been what the world calls a successful man, for I can supply you with all the luxuries you demand, but success means a bankrupt nervous system. If I have been a fool to chase wealth and lose health; there was no need of compounding a felony. Two wrongs don't make a right. I got a precious package when I married you, a bundle of cranky organs wound with diseased nerves and sealed with the blood of tainted ancestors."

"Don't you drag my parentage into this discussion," the wife said with acerbity. "My father was a man who won distinction in the service of his country."

"No doubt he did," he answered, "but with all his orders on his breast, he had disorders in his blood, or no doubt you would not have been born the weakling that you are."

"Let us listen no more," said Dr. Plague.

"What you have just heard are the frontier symptoms of divorce, but as no doubt your time is precious, I am going to show you other matrimonial diseases."

"By the way, Plague," I asked, "how is your wife?"

"Haven't you heard," said the latter, "that my wife and I are divorced? In fact, I haven't seen her for at least a year."

To my question, "Does that carry out your theory of marriage and divorce?" he answered: "Yes, for my life has been absorbed in ambitious projects requiring the strongest mental efforts and what followed was inevitable—nervous breakdown. You know the law of propinquity, and the result was that my irritability

was communicated to my wife, a sort of nervous infection. Well! divorce followed. Time and rest have convinced me of the error of my ways and if I could only meet my wife again, I could atone for the past by my actions in the future. Come," he said, as though anxious to dismiss an unpleasant subject, "let us see a few of the inmates.

"Here are some fetichistic patients. First of all, let me say that even normal affection, however complex, is founded on a symphony of harmonious sensations unified in diverse shades and tones.

"Here is a man who suddenly lost all affection for his wife. Summoning the wife to my office, I ascertained all I could respecting the peculiarities of the husband and after a Socratic method of enquiry, I concluded that the wife employed a certain kind of perfume which in itself played the part of a charm to fascinate the senses of the husband. Examining the latter, I found that he was suffering from nasal catarrh and had lost the sense of smell. I am treating the catarrh and his affections for his wife are almost restored.

"There," he said, pointing to a young and attractive woman, "is an instance of anti-fetichism. A certain odor of her person made her unbearable to her husband. I am treating her for fetid perspiration."

In that group were several individuals whose awkward manners, skin eruptions and other peculiarities paralyzed the affection of their consorts. Treatment is rapidly restoring them to a tolerable degree of matrimonial fitness.

"That sign," I said, referring to a placard,—TAILORING DEPARTMENT—"what does that mean?"

"A study of animal life," he answered, "furnishes a ready solution to many perplexing problems of the question of affection. Glitter is one of the most patent stimulants in the attraction of the sexes, as you will readily recall in the coloration and plumage of animals. Many men and women in their days of courtship invoke charm by their accoutrements, but as soon as their prey has been captured, they renounce the very attire which has made them attractive.

"A slattern wearing a garment in bad taste does not inspire romance. Our tailoring department remedies all such defects and conciliates the romance of the marital state."

As I was about to leave Dr. Plague, his assistant requested him to visit a patient who had arrived at the hymeneaneum for treat-

ment during the latter's absence in Europe. Dr. Plague asked me to accompany him, and I am glad I did, for by so doing I constantly recall one of the most pleasant episodes in my life. I saw a man and woman in fond embrace. For some time no sound broke the silence, then the physician spoke:

"Gertrude," he said, "we will live as we lived in the days of our courtship; our separation was a nightmare; it is all over and now we know how to live."

"Yes," his wife answered, "and may God bless our reunion."

CHAPTER XV

THE MATRIMONIAL VENTURE OF SOCRATES FAGG

"A GENTLEMAN to see you," said my domestic as she handed me a card bearing the following inscription:

SOCRATES FAGG
ATTORNEY
DIVORCES A SPECIALTY

"Show him in," I replied, and soon thereafter Mr. Fagg entered my consultation room.

"Doctor," said the latter, "I have come on a curious mission. The fact of the matter is that I am in love, but I have hesitated before proposing until I am assured that the lady whom I love no longer reciprocates the affection of my clerk, John Crooney. The lady in question is my stenographer and was at one time desperately in love with the aforesaid Crooney.

"She has deposed on numerous occasions that she no longer loves said Crooney, but you know as well as I that the average female is an enigma, and defies interpretation.

"What I want to know is this," he continued, "whether science can furnish the means of diagnosing love?"

"Surely," I answered, "we possess instruments precise enough to detect the emotions. Even an average observer can easily diagnose the admiration of one for another by noting the raised eyebrows, the glistening eyes, the relaxed expression, and very often the gentle smile that plays about the mouth But since we have discovered the marvelous properties of the X-rays, the de-

tection of love has become an elemental task. The ancients, as you know, fixed the abode of love in the heart and the knowledge thus acquired instinctively has been corroborated by modern scientists. If we place before the X-rays, let us say, the lady whom you love, we can observe the rhythmic movements of the heart. Now, whatever is in the mind is expressed in the heart. For example, I will say to the lady in question, 'Do you love John Crooney?' If she doesn't love him her heart will continue in its monotonous rhythm as before, but if she does love him, despite anything she may say to the contrary, it will disport itself like a lost ship at sea without a compass; it will flop hither and thither in agony, or it may stop for a moment, only to resume its insane revelry."

Having assured Mr. Fagg of the reliability of the rays as a love-ometer, I directed him to bring the young lady to me on the following day at an appointed hour, to execute the test.

It was not, however, until four days later that the young lady voluntarily submitted to the examination, having been previously informed of its object. The test was a crucial one and even the meticulous Fagg did not cavil at the results.

When the momentous question, "Do you love John Crooney?" was put, the heart was as irresponsive as an iceberg. A few days later Mr. Fagg again called at my office. He wasn't the same debonair individual that he was when I last saw him. After a hasty greeting he communicated the fact that, while he had eliminated Crooney as an objectionable element in his matrimonial venture, he could not dismiss the obsession that possibly the lady did not sincerely reciprocate his affections. True, she had on divers occasions told him of her love, but again the demon doubt permitted him no rest, night nor day.

"You see," he said in subdued tones, as though he were making me his confidant, "I am rich and you will admit that the glamour of wealth is often a matrimonial inducement. I hope," he added, "that you will not betray my confidence in this matter."

"I shall not betray your confidence," I answered, "nor shall I tell the lady anything about your opulence."

"You misunderstand me," he replied, "she already knows that I am rich. What I really meant was, that you should not betray my confidence in making your charge for professional services in accordance with my affluence."

I tried to reassure him in this regard, and not until then was he able to proceed:

"I want you to apply your X-ray test to determine whether the young lady really loves me. You must pardon me if I appear over-cautious, but you must understand that 'divorce-law' is my specialty.

"I have most carefully analyzed divorces among my clients and find that an absence of mutual love is practically the real cause of all of them. Understand me correctly, for this matter demands forensic exactness. It is usual for either the husband or wife to love, but it rarely happens that both love with the same intensity. You will observe," he proceeded, "that I am a cautious man, and, while in the interests of my profession I advocate divorce, personally I deplore it."

An appointment was made for the following day, but again four days elapsed before the examination was made.

The test, as before, was conclusive. To the question, "Do you love Socrates Fagg?" the heart of the lady went wild with enthusiasm; it almost cast its moorings in its transports of joy.

Well, they were married, and may I add with regret and apologies to the precision of science, they were also divorced.

"Verily," said Fagg, "the best cure for love is matrimony."

The erstwhile Mrs. Fagg became Mrs. John Crooney and as such was supremely happy. In the heyday of her matrimonial venture she visited my office. "It was a mission of apology," she said, to atone for her deception. It was a curious story and I relate it in her own words:

"I always loved my present husband, John Crooney, but he was extremely improvident. I accepted the advances of Mr. Fagg only provisionally, to intimidate, as I supposed, the man I loved. However, I went too far in my coquetry by confessing to Mr. Fagg that I no longer loved John Crooney. I found that I was unable to retreat. If I had answered his question in the affirmative, poor John would have been summarily dismissed by his employer. When you proposed the X-ray tests of love I was in an awful quandary and I was constrained to have recourse to subterfuge. You may recall that I did not visit your office until four days after Mr. Fagg had made the arrangement. The reason for the delay was that I sought the advice of my physician. I told him a falsehood, telling him I had palpitation of the heart, and asked for a remedy. He gave me digitalis and informed me that four days would elapse before it quieted the organ, and furthermore that under the influence of this drug the heart would not respond to emotions of any kind. You remember that the drug acted

beautifully, for when you asked me if I loved John Crooney my heart was as responsive as an iceberg. When the second test was proposed, you recall the cue, don't you, 'Do you love Socrates Fagg?' The heart was supposed to be unable to restrain itself with joy and its performance was quite creditable even though I say it myself. Well, it was several good doses of belladonna that did that. You see, I came across an old book on 'Love' by WON who Didn't, a prominent misanthropist. He said, among many other things, if I remember correctly, the following: 'There is no physiology of love for the reason that it is a morbid condition. The symptoms may easily be substituted: thus the chilly sensations may be simulated by an attack of malaria; the rapid and irregular beatings of the heart by several stiff doses of belladonna, and the sighs and rapid emaciation by a reliable attack of dyspepsia.'

"I cannot refrain from laughing when I recall what he sententiously says in the peroration of his monograph, 'Better take the substitutes.' This view was concurred in by his collaborator and signed by WON HOO NO'S. Well, to make a long story short, it wasn't long before Mr. Fagg and I agreed to disagree and this is the way Mr. Fagg expressed his gratitude in being released from matrimony; you see this card now reads:

FAGG & CROONEY

ATTORNEYS

DIVORCES A SPECIALTY

CHAPTER XVI

THE DOCTOR'S UNION

Abbreviations

Dr. C.—Doctor Cuttem. O'P.—Dennis O'Paque.
N.—Nurse. P.—Patient.

Scene

(Office of Dr. Harry Cuttem)

Appurtenances suggestive of a modern union physician. Placards on the wall bearing inscriptions like the following:

"We Do Not Treat Scabs."

"All Strikers Receive Free Treatment, Especially Striking Blondes."

"Down With Capital But Not With Capital Operations."

"No Work and Bigger Fees."

"Why Should You Work as Long as You Have Your Health."

"Strike Whether the Iron's Hot or Cold: T'ell with the Temperature."

"It Pays to Live: You'll Have a Rotten Time After You're Dead."

Characters

Dr. Harry Cuttem, prominent member of the Doctor's Union.
Carry Blood, his nurselet.
Dennis O'Paque, a transparent labor agitator.
An accidental Patient.

Time, Present

Locality

Any old place in the Union where Unions thrive.

Curtain rises. Dr. Cuttem is seated at his desk spraying his mail with an antiseptic solution.

Dr. Cuttem.—"There is nothing like keeping in practice even though there are only germs to kill. Now that I have sprayed these letters, I defy infection."

(*Opens a letter.*) "Great Caesar! Currency from Popps, Percival Popps, who made all his illicit money selling postage stamps to the unfortunate poor. What would the labor council say if I accepted this tainted money? I'll just dip it into this solution of carbolic acid to abstract its taint and then I'll pocket the insult. Antiseptics are certainly good to ease the conscience."

(*Opens another letter and reads.*) "Dear Doc: The chronic cough lasting over two days for which you prescribed is well and so am I excepting a slight indisposition from Consumption. I am so grateful that I am sending you with concurrent mail a couple of my tubercle bacilli beautifully mounted in the form of a scarf pin. They are so true to life you can almost hear them cough. They are a product of our own soil for I am a strong advocate of home consumption."

(*Opens another letter and reads.*) "You remember my grandfather. On account of the gas on his stomach, you called it gastritis. He died last night at the ripe age of 96. You were mistaken in your diagnosis, for another physician called it cholera infantum. Don't trouble to send your bill because I will not trouble to pay it. There are no such things as bills since I've taken up Christian Science.

"Most gratefully,

"JENNIE CLARK."

DR. C.—"What I won't do to Jennie is a caution." (Rises and shakes a skeleton to the fingers and toes of which, bells are attached, and the band or Victrola plays "With Bells on His Fingers," and etc.)

(*Enter Nurse*)

DR. C.—"Where's that walking delegate, Svenson?"

N.—"He's in room 10 with typhoid fever pacing up and down the floor. Your assistant called it walking typhoid. He said his pedometer registered New York-San Francisco, via Chicago."

DR. C.—"What did he mean by that?"

N.—"He said it was the scientific way of saying 3,000 miles."

DR. C.—"Then Svenson's out of commission. Attach mops to his feet and have him walk the corridors; they need scrubbing. What's the use of wasting symptoms? Where's that Polish walking delegate Cantgetenoughsky?"

N.—"He's out in his limousine boycotting a skin specialist for treating scabs."

DR. C.—"When he returns, send him to Jennie Clark's home and let him shout, 'Unfair Lady! Unfair Lady! Doesn't pay her doctor's bills. Shecott Jennie Clark!' "

N.—"He's just become an American citizen and can't speak English."

DR. C.—"Then give him a mouth wash and let him gargle every five minutes in front of her house. It will sound like his lingo and people will be compelled to feel sorry that the Union's after her. By the way, Nurse, do you know that Jennie Clark has become a Christian Scientist?"

N.—"Yes, sir. I met her yesterday coming from a Christian Science Practitioner, and she said that the Practitioner told her that what you called 'noises in her ear' were symphony concerts and the wart on her finger a diamond ring."

DR. C.—"Perhaps you don't know it, but last night the Doc-

tors' Union, No. 606, passed a resolution forbidding the Lord to effect any more miraculous cures. That's one on Christian Science. Our treasury funds are depleted and we need more jobs and operations. Our union finds that the wealth of the country is distributed among the rich and we're going to levy a tax on their tonsils, appendix and teeth."

N.—"How is that going to be of benefit to the Union?"

Dr. C.—"Mouth inspectors will be necessary for the teeth and tonsils, and the Department of the Interior will appoint appendix inspectors. To avoid taxation, unnecessary operations will be necessary, and there you are. There'll be no more of that stuff about thinking you have appendicitis, the physician will be forced to think you have nothing else. I don't think I'll need you any more." (Nurse hesitates before leaving.)

Dr. C.—"What are you waiting for?"

N.—"I wanted to say that I can't remove the plaster from patient in 23 without taking his skin with it."

Dr. C.—"That's all right. I won't need the plaster again."

(Exit Nurse and just as the Doctor is seated telephone rings. Doctor removes telephone and immerses it in a vessel conspicuously labeled "Antiseptic" before putting it to his ear.)

Dr. C.—"Oh! You are the nurse at the hospital. You say nine of my patients died last night. There must be some mistake, nurse, so count them again. I only prescribed for eight."

(Doctor resumes his seat when Nurse announces Dennis O'Paque.)

(O'Paque, a typically dressed agitator, with a huge cigar in his mouth and a *tumor* on his cheek. He enters in an unceremonious way.)

O'P.—"Morning, Doc."

Dr. C.—"Good morning, Mr. O'Paque. Not at work?"

O'P.—"I told you I don't have to work. I'm a wurkin man and (with a sly wink), I'm working the mimbers of the Union to death."

Dr. C.—"Aren't you a little hoarse?"

O'P.—"Pirhaps. I've been calling a good many strikes lately. Do yer mind telling me why you charged 'Soakem,' of the Union, 25 bucks for an examination?"

Dr. C.—"Not at all. I needed the money."

O'P.—"What was the matter wid him?"

Dr. C.—"Seeing things. He brought a couple of snakes and a few rats as samples of his symptoms. He also had hallucina-

tions. He said that doctors are now saying that operations are unnecessary, that the unions refuse to ask for more wages, and a lot of other gibberish."

O'P.—"Some of the boys have been kicking about the new fee bill. Do yer mind showing it to me?"

Dr. C.—"Sure. Here it is. I'll read it. It's not complete. We'll have to invent a few new diseases to fit the fees."

Fee Bill of the Doctors' Union

Visits on foot: $0.50.
Visits in automobiles: $5.00
Visits in odorless automobiles: $20.00.
Counting pulse: $1.00 a beat.
Taking temperature: 20 cts. a degree, without extra charge for washing the thermometer.
N. B. Reduction of 10 per cent. on pulse beats above 500 and temperatures exceeding 200° F.
Consultations at the homes of Prohibitionists: $100.00.
Necessary operations: $50.00 and up; usually up.
Unnecessary operations: $1,000.00 and more; usually more.
Introducing stomach tube: $1.00 an inch. Taking it out, gratis.
Listening to the heart beats of women: $10.00 a beat.
Listening to the heart beats of some women: Gratis, without time limit.
Listening to a neurasthenic: $100.00 a minute.
Curing him: Impossible.
Malaria treatment: 25 cts. a shake, or 5 shakes for a dollar.
Removing fluid from chest and abdomen: $20.00 a quart.

Notice

No consultations with non-union doctors.
Rapid cures 10% higher than slow cures.
Union Doctors are limited in their work to 3 hours a day.
Patient's sickness must conform to the hours designated by the Union.

O'P.—"What about Confinement Cases? There's nothing about them in the stuff you've bin rading."

Dr. C.—"The Union is still undecided on this question. With an overcrowded medical profession when everybody is permitted

to practice without a license excepting the graduated physician, we are forced to regulate the traffic of maternity."

O'P.—"It'll be rough on the women, won't it?"

Dr. C.—"Not on the modern woman. Maternity is an exalted function and the woman must be mentally and physically fit. The average society woman hasn't enough energy left to digest her food and not sufficient mental equipment to know that she takes a load off her mind when she removes her hat."

O'P.—"How about the suffragist?"

Dr. C.—"She's a joke. She strives to acquire the best qualities of a man and loses the good qualities of a woman, so that's hard to say whether she's a womanly man or a manly woman. She does more to abet divorce than to propagate the race."

O'P.—"Isn't the Union going too far?"

Dr. C.—"Not at all. Unionism recognizes no policy but dictation; no rule, but despotism and opposition, as treachery. Blind submission is its only reason. The principle of labor is to regulate supply and demand. We're beginning at the root of the evil. Is the wail of the mother more or less portentous than the demands of labor?"

(Telephone rings and the Doctor immerses the receiver in an "Antiseptic" solution before answering.)

Dr. C.—"Hello! Well! Go on. Sure. Boycott him." (Turns to O'Paque.) "It's Gumpelheimer. He says that Snarling, the heart specialist, has violated the fee bill. The Union's charge for counting the pulse is $1.00 a beat. A woman comes to him with a pulse of 200, his charge should have been $200.00. What do you think the scab did? He gives the woman digitalis, brings her pulse down to 100, and charges a fee of only $100.00."

O'P.—"That's going some. These soft-hearted dubs must be learned a lesson. You can't mix sentiment and business. What's Snarling's new instrooment?"

Dr. C.—"An electrocardiograph; it tells the physician scientifically he can do nothing for his patient and confirms it by autopsy. By the way, Mr. O'Paque, how's your pulse to-day?"

(O'Paque removes his pocketbook and counts his bills.)

O'P.—"I haven't enough wid me to let you tell me. What will you charge me for trating this bum eye of mine?" (Points to his left eye.)

Dr. C.—"Sorry, Mr. O'Paque, but the Union rules won't permit me to treat the left eye. You'll have to see Harrigan. He's the only Union specialist in town who has a permit for

treating diseases of that eye. I have to-day's license from the Union for the exclusive removal of tumors." (Approaches O'Paque and touches tumor on his cheek with the right hand while the other hand feels O'Paque's pockets.)

O'P.—"Nothing doin', Doc. I need all the cheek I've got in my business. What did the tumor feel like, Doc?"

Dr. C.—"It felt like ready money. I won't separate you from any of your cheek; only the tumor. It'll be the latest thing out."

O'P.—"As I'm the interested party in this tumor-fest, do yer mind telling me something about the operashion?"

Dr. C.—"Not at all, Mr. O'Paque. It's this way. If I operate antiseptically, you die from antisepsis, and if I operate without antisepsis, you die without it. At any rate, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing—of course, if you survive—that it will be the first successful operation I ever performed. Your picture will be in every newspaper."

(O'Paque touches his big alcoholic nose.)

Dr. C.—"I'll fix the nose all right before the photo is taken. Then! think of me as a benefactor of a long-suffering public."

O'P.—"That is, if I survive?"

Dr. C.—"No! that is if you die."

O'P.—"Well! where do I get off?"

Dr. C.—"At the Cemetery. A huge monument of marble awaits you. It is studded with shamrocks from dear old Ireland. The epitaph will be a marvel of creative fiction. It will tell of your rise from the obscurity of a Congressman to an officer of the Labor Union."

O'P.—"What if I choose cremation, me bhoy?"

Dr. C.—"Then you'll be toasted at every banquet."

O'P.—"I'm feeling quare in me cocanut." (O'P. faints.)

Dr. C.—"Gracious! He's fainted. (Aside.) I don't know what to do. I'll call one of the pupils of the 'First Aid to the Injured.' (Dr. C. scratches his head in perplexity.) I can recall five rules for resuscitation but I've forgotten the first one."

(O'P. opens his eyes in a bewildered sort of way.)

O'P.—"Is there anything in the rules about giving pfwiskey?"

Dr. C.—"Sure! that's the first rule."

O'P.—"Apply that rule. Niver mind about the others."

(Dr. C. takes up a telescope and looks around the room.)

O'P.—"What are yer doing?"

Dr. C.—"Looking for the *near* whiskey. The distance to the near stuff is so great I have to use a telescope."

(Dr. C. finds the bottle and gives some of its contents to O'P.)

O'P.—"That's great stuff. Let me faint again. How did you get rid of the *near* ingredient?"

Dr. C.—"Very easy, Mr. O'Paque. I left it out when I mixed it."

O'P.—"I'm tirribly throubled about that operashion. Can't you trate the tumor widout cutting it?"

Dr. C.—"And have me punished like Dr. Slasher."

O'P.—"What about Slasher?"

Dr. C.—"He tried to treat a tumor without any operation and was fired from the Union. Now he's a medical Bolshevist. He has no practice and is willing to divide it with you. (Nurse enters and hands Dr. Cuttem a letter.) Say! Mr. O'Paque, this will interest you. One of the latest rules of the Union. (Reads.) Operations must be performed as often as the time of the surgeon and the circumstances of the patient will permit. Operations will always be indicated among the rich and any other treatment unless the fee received will be equal to the fee of an operation is interdicted by the Union in council assembled. The charge for the removal of tumors will be advanced 50 per cent. after 6 P. M. this day."

(O'P. looks at his watch and prepares to go.)

O'P.—"I've still 25 minutes to git in on the bargain rate."

Dr. C.—"Hurry back and don't forget the money. You can't forget the tumor; it's too fondly attached to you."

(Exit O'Paque.) (Enter nurse in indignation.)

N.—"Mr. O'Paque insulted me. He tried to kiss me and when I refused, he asked for my hand in marriage."

Dr. C.—(Caressingly). "Come here, Carry. I want to say something to you. O'Paque is a fool. He only asked for your hand, did he? If he knew anatomy like I do, he would have asked for the whole woman and not her fraction. Carry, I love you. I want your both hands, your feet, your head, your liver and your ductless glands. I want your whole physiology in and out of function. Even though your heart beats a Marconigram in speed or rivals a railroad time-table in irregularity, I want you for better or for worse. (Dr. C. places his hand over her heart.) Oh! you do not love me. (D. C. hesitates.) Yes, you do. I now can feel your heart flutter."

N.—"No, Dr. Cuttem, what you feel is not my heart. It's the

time card of the 'Nurses' Union.'" (N. removes the card and shows it to Dr. Cuttem.)

DR. C.—"It's a big card, isn't it?"

N.—"With the new union rules in force, the new card won't be larger than a postage stamp."

DR. C.—"How's that?"

N.—"On account of the reduction in the working hours. There will be practically no hours to put on the card."

(Enter O'P. who observes Dr. C. and N. in fond embrace.)

O'P.—"Cut out that rough stuff. It's agin the rules of the Union for the girl to marry you and the rules hold. See!"

DR. C.—"What rules?"

O'P.—"Read her card."

(N. removes a card and gives it to Dr. C. who reads.)

DR. C.—"The rules of the Union are inviolable. Nurses must not marry: the profession is overcrowded. Until further orders and disorders race suicide is advocated."

DR. C.—"If we marry, it'll be a Union but Union or no Union we marry."

O'P.—"Yer fergit, Doc, that marriage is now a civil and not a religious ceremony and the union holds all the offices. A word from me means nuthin doin."

(Telephone rings. Nurse goes to receiver.)

N.—"Yes. What is it? (Listens.) Well! one moment please and I'll ask the doctor. A message from Alameda asking if you'll go over at once and see a patient with pneumonia?"

DR. C.—"Say, I can't come this week. This is not my week for treating trans-bay patients. It's against the rules of the Union. If they'll ring up in a week, I'll tell them when I can come." (Nurse repeats the doctor's message.)

N.—"They say the patient's dying."

DR. C.—"Tell them he mustn't die or the 'Undertakers' Union' will not bury him." (Nurse repeats Dr. C.'s message.)

O'P.—"Things have come to a pretty pass when dying people try to oppose the rules of the Union. Dying is pretty ixpinsive these days even in Alameda. Say, Doc, can yer die two times?"

DR. C.—"No, that's an impossibility."

O'P.—"It isn't. You can move from Brooklyn to Philadelphia."

DR. C.—"New York is a metropolis and Philadelphia is a necropolis and for that reason I say nothing unkind of Philadelphia. I have too much respect for the dead. Aren't the present charges for burial according to weight?"

O'P.—"Sure. The only way to bate the game is to die from starvation and that's not hard these H. C. L. days." (A knock on the door.)

Dr. C.—"Come in."

(Enter patient with bandaged face and bleeding nose.)

Dr. C.—"What's the matter?"

P.—"Beaten and cut by the strikers."

Dr. C.—"Glad to hear it. Get out of here."

P.—"I had to go on the job to save my family from starvation."

Dr. C.—"I've already told you I can do nothing for you. Who made your nose bleed?"

P.—"Officer O'Brien. When I was surrounded by the strikers the officer said beat it."

Dr. C.—"Did you?"

P.—"No, but Officer O'Brien did and that's why my nose is bleeding."

O'P.—(Directing his remarks to patient.) "Officer O'Brien never confuses his convictions with his duties and that's why he refused to arrest your hemorrhage."

Dr. C.—(To nurse.) "Take off the bandages in the Union way and tell me about the wounds."

(Nurse after removing bandages with a jerk.)

N.—"All his wounds are non-union ones."

Dr. C.—"How do you know?"

N.—"Because they are ununited."

Dr. C.—"Please throw that scab out, Mr. O'Paque; he's breaking my heart." (Patient departs.)

O'P.—"Doc, you're a wonder. You sure know how to treat scabs."

Dr. C.—"How's the president of the Council to-day?"

O'P.—"Two Union surgeons wanted to operate on him."

Dr. C.—"I don't suppose you catch me, Mr. O'Paque, when I say they wanted to co-operate. By the way, Mr. O'Paque, how about that marriage between Carry and myself?"

O'P.—"If yer marry it will be like a Japanese suicide, my dear Harry."

Dr. C.—"How?"

O'P.—"It'll be Harry Carry, won't it? I'll settle the matter by marrying her myself. I've dealt in lotteries before which manes I've taken chances."

Dr. C.—"Well! where do I get off?"

O'P.—"At the cimitery, Doc. A huge monumint of marble awaits you studded wid stethoscopes and nicely bandaged. Below is the epitaffy:

THE BURIED HOPES
of
DR. HARRY CUTTEM

"It'll till how Dr. Cuttem eshcapped Harry Carry by one O'Paque, the noblest gift of a grateful frind. And I'm going to hand you something you didn't hand me."

DR. C.—"What's that?"

O'P.—"A limin tray over the monumint."

DR. C.—"What authority have you to prevent our marriage?"

O'P.—"Me badge of authority. Here rade it." (Passes a card to Dr. Cuttem.)

DR. C.—(Reads.) "In all matters concerning the members of the Union, the right is herein vested in our worthy President, Dennis O'Paque, to exercise absolute and unquestioned authority. Any disobedience is treachery and will be so regarded."

DR. C.—"Then it's a question of might, not right."

O'P.—"Sure! The mighty are always right."

N.—(To O'P.) "But how can I marry you when I do not love you. If you only knew what love meant, Mr. O'Paque, you wouldn't ask me to marry you. I can prove you know nothing about love."

O'P.—"You don't have to. I admit it. I've been married five times. And as for my frind's conciption of love (turns to Dr. C.), it's physiology, including the lights and all the other bloody stuff in a dissicting room. It's insanity when a man agrees to support a woman for the rist of her life and it's only the woman who's the sane one when she agrees to be supported and wins."

N.—"Well! I won't marry you, and I just won't."

O'P.—"We'll see about that." (Goes to telephone.) "Give me Skidoo 23. Is this the marriage bureau? I want to spake to Cupid. Hello! Cupid. I see you're naked as usual. You till your Mother Venus to get you some clothes, I want to see you. Ha! Ha! Ha! Cheer up, Cupid, you don't look rude even if you are nude."

DR. C.—(Walks up to O'P. and speaks in an undertone, the Nurse having fallen asleep.) "Look here, Mr. O'Paque, she may

love you after all. If she does I don't want to marry her."

O'P.—"How can we find out?"

Dr. C.—"By hypnotizing her."

O'P.—"Pfwat's that?"

Dr. C.—"We put her to sleep, and make her senseless."

(O'P. reaches for a club and passes it to the Doctor.)

O'P.—"You'll have to do it, Doc, I'm that tinder."

Dr. C.—"You don't understand, Mr. O'Paque. Just watch me." (Awakens the Nurse.) "Now, Carrie, sit down. I'm going to put you asleep." (Makes passes.) "You're asleep."

N.—"I'm not asleep. What are you trying to do?"

Dr. C.—"We want to ask you while asleep whether you'll marry Mr. O'Paque or myself?"

N.—"I can answer that question without going to sleep. I can't marry either one of you gentlemen because I'm already married and have four children."

O'P.—"Pfwat's your name?"

N.—"Mrs. Comeandgetsky and my husband is secretary of your Union.

O'P.—"What! That barbarian of a Russian. What do you work here for?"

N.—"To pay my husband's dues in the Union."

Dr. C.—"Come, Mr. O'Paque, I'm beginning to doubt my own senses and if I delay your operation any longer I may find out after all that your tumor is not a tumor but only a bag of wind. Let's commence. Fifty per cent. advance in price in 15 minutes, you know!"

O'P.—"All right. I'm ready." (Approaches operating table. Before mounting it, looks at it suspiciously.) "Is this table union make?"

Dr. C.—"Sure. Don't you see the union labels."

O'P.—"I'm ready. Now whatcher going to do?"

Dr. C.—"Put you to sleep and you won't know a thing."

(O'P. removes his purse and counts his money. In pulling out purse some spoons fall on the floor.)

Dr. C.—"What are you doing?"

O'P.—"I wanted to see how much money I had. You said I wouldn't know what you were doing."

Dr. C.—"What are you doing with my souvenir spoons?"

O'P.—"I took them, on your advice."

Dr. C.—(In surprise.) "My advice?"

O'P.—"Sure. You told me to take a dessertspoon three times

a day, and as I could only see suvnir spoons around your office I took them."

DR. C.—"You'd better pay me before I begin."

O'P.—"Must I pay in advance?"

DR. C.—"Of course. I'm not going to the trouble of collecting the fee from your estate."

(O'P. hesitates about paying.)

DR. C.—(Disgustedly.) "Nurse, give him a tablespoonful of that medicine."

O'P.—"What's that?"

DR. C.—"It's an expectorant to make you cough up some money."

O'P.—"Niver mind about the medicine. Here's your money."

DR. C.—"Now that we have consummated the essential part of the operation separating you from your money, we can begin separating you from your tumor. (To Nurse.) What is the first duty of a nurse at an operation?"

N.—"Wear a union suit and see that your union dues are paid so that the Union will declare your operation a valid one."

DR. C.—"And the next?"

N.—"Wear my Union card."

DR. C.—"And the last?"

N.—"Affix a union label to the closed wound. Shall I give him chloroform or laughing gas?"

DR. C.—"Ether will do."

O'P.—"How about a bit of pfwishkey?"

DR. C.—"This isn't a saloon. It's a surgery. Now! Mr. O'Paque, take a deep breath."

(O'P. is soon heard to breathe stertorously.)

N.—"Do you think he's under?"

DR. C.—(Shouts in O'P.'s ear.) "Have a drink, O'Paque. Say, O'Paque, the Union wants you to call a strike. (To Nurse.) He don't answer. He's under all right. Where's my scalpel?"

N.—"Your son took it to sharpen his pencils."

DR. C.—"Where's the other one?"

N.—"Your wife took it to cut bread."

DR. C.—(Hands encased in rubber gloves.) "Look in my trousers for my pocket knife. This is an antiseptic operation and I don't want to soil my hands." (Dr. Cuttem cuts tumor and blood flows freely.)

DR. C.—"Quick, a sponge or he'll bleed to death."

N.—"Your knife went through his cheek into his mouth."

Dr. C.—"I'll stop the bleeding on the outside of the cheek. I can do nothing for the bleeding in his mouth."

N.—"Why, Dr. Cuttem?"

Dr. C.—"Because it's against the rules of the Union. I am an exterior surgeon and O'Paque will have to go to a Union surgeon for internal repairs."

(A loud whistle is heard. Dr. C. rushes to put on his hat and coat.)

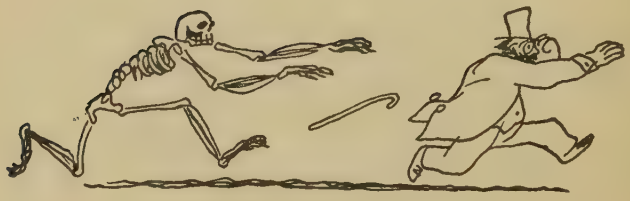
N.—"You're not going?"

Dr. C.—"Of course I am. Didn't you hear the Union whistle?"

N.—"If you go he may die."

Dr. C.—"If I finish the operation he surely will." (Dr. C. departs and the orchestra plays "The Union Forever.")

CURTAIN



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